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By Jesse Hill Ford

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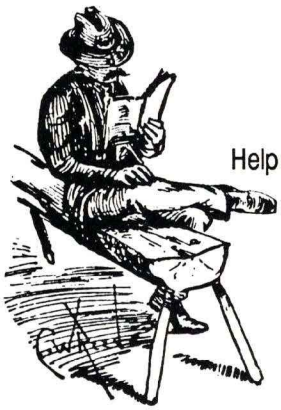

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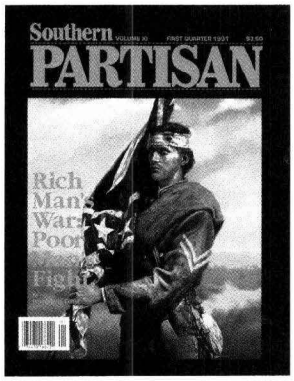


OUR COVER

14 Jesse Hill Ford tells The War's story through the eyes of some of the poor folk who did the fighting.

COLUMNS AND DEPARTMENTS

2 PARTISAN LETTERS

5 PARTISAN VIEW
Richard Quinn

7 TRIVIUM
Matthew Sandel

9 FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES
Gordon Jackson

10 OBITER DICTA

11 SCALAWAG AWARD

12 PARTISAN 'TOONS

44 SOUTHERN SAMPLER
William Freehoff
ANGUISHED ENGLISH
Richard Lederer

45 BOOKNOTES

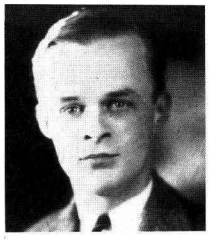
48 SMOKE NEVER CLEARS
Rod Gragg

FEATURES:

18 **The Warrior Who Named Stonewall** / Jack Morgan Hicks remembers a great general whose first battle was also his last—but whose memorable moniker lives on.

22 **Donald Davidson Revisited: Some Notes from a Third Generation Southern Agrarian** / Lee Cheek penetrates the "dense barrier" surrounding one of the South's most influential men of letters.

Bee


Davidson

25 **The Scourge of the Valley** / In Bill Freehoff's version of "This Is Your Life," the voices from David Hunter's past are not all pleasant.

27 **Edgar Poe of Virginia** / Robert Merry reveals that the literary genius never forgot his heritage

SHORT STORIES / TALL TALES

31 **On Killing A Skunk** / They have a way of handling rodents in East Texas—and Carl Curtis tells us why Ned Harrington was the man for the job.

CRITICUS

34 **Hugo Changes Course** / Bryant Burroughs finds that Mr. Justice Hugo Black blew both ways on the subject of the Bill of Rights.

36 **The Summons of Memory** / Clint Brand applauds the work of the one who knew Frank Lawrence Owsley best.

38 **The Reconstruction of Southern Literature** / J. O. Tate finds the air of approved thought a bit suffocating.

40 **Prison House Philosophy** / Michael Jordon celebrates a great poet, but finds that his philosophy has its limits.

42 **Where's the Beef?** / James Tucker finds James I. Robertson's newest effort a bit thin.

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MANAGING EDITOR: Oran P. Smith
SENIOR EDITORS: M.E. Bradford
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PARTISAN LETTERS

SHOELESS

Gentlemen:

THANK YOU FOR YOUR INFORMATIVE article on Shoeless Joe Jackson (Third Quarter, 1990). It filled me with nostalgia.

In 1914, at the age of seven, I saw my first White Sox game, at Comiskey Park, Baseball Palace of the World, with The Big Train, Walter Johnson, besting Butcher Joe Benz in a duel. In 1915, on the acquisition of Eddie Collins from Philadelphia and Joe Jackson from Cleveland, the Sox finished in third place, in 1916 in second place, and in 1917 in first place, then beating the New York Giants in the World Series. In 1918, a shortened season, most of the players were in World War I service. The Sox won the flag again in 1919 but "lost" the World Series to Cincinnati. Early in September, 1920, they were in first place and headed for another pennant. They had just swept a weekend series with the Yankees despite the prowess of Babe Ruth. I was vending "ice-cold root beer and orange crush" in the stand along third base at the time, mainly to gain admission without a ticket. This great White Sox team, which had not yet reached its peak, Connie Mack regarded as superior to the New York Yankees of 1927.

I all but worshiped every one of its players, even Chick Gandil, and especially Eddie Collins, Ray Schalk, Red Faber, and Joe Jackson. Schalk was deadly on pop fouls and for years the battery mate of the durable spitball pitcher Red Faber. I marveled at Shoeless Joe when at the end of pre-game practice he would hurl the ball from the left-field wooden fence all the way to the screen behind home plate. In an extra-inning game with the St. Louis Browns leading by one run (1916), I said to my father sitting next to me, "I hope Eddie Collins hits a single to right and Jackson a homer." And that's exactly what happened. Jackson drove a typical, resounding clothesline shot to deep center and slid home, safe by a "hair." The sudden revelation of the Scandal in late September 1920 stunned me. I still have not gotten over it.

N.B. The Sox had no Buck Leonard nor did Ty Cobb play for Cleveland.

Edgar C. Reinke
Oviedo, Florida

FRANCIS SPRINGER, R.I.P.

Gentlemen:

THE DEATH OF FRANCIS Springer in May is a great loss to the *Southern Partisan.* Francis was a Virginian who loved on Long Island, New York until about 1960 when he retired and moved to Albemarle County, twenty five miles south of Charlottesville. He bought a run-down farm, beautified it, restored the

house, raised barns, and bridged creeks.

Like Albert Schweitzer, his recreation came from moving from one productive labor to another. He was engineer, builder, educator, writer, speaker, churchman, and fighter for the South.

Until his last day, at age 92, he was tireless and fearless. He withdrew from the Episcopal Chruch and started All Saints Anglican Church in the outskirts of Charlottesville.

Francis wrote "Myth Month," a succinct correction of February's errors in describing men and events in our past, and a powerful statement of why the South was and is right.

He never gave up, never lost his cheer, and never ran from a fight. He covered the field of endeavor, in matters intellectual, and in matters physical and spiritual.

He and his wife, Beulah, (who was a perfect sidekick to him, riding into battle, just as tirelessly, and just as fearlessly as he) were married sixty-four years.

Francis ordered Confederate music be played at his funeral and he left his epitaph:

I have gone to find the answer
with my last breath
To life's most vexing question,
that of death.
But, if betimes, I don't return
then be my guest,
And come along to join me
In the quest.

Charles T. Pace
Greenville, North Carolina

Editor's Note: Short Stories / Tall Tales will never be the same. In Francis' last short story published in the Southern Partisan, *he reminisced about a country store of his youth, "not dreaming that I'd said 'Goodbye' to things that I once loved and knew, the world that I'd been born into." Now we must tell* him *goodbye. Mr. Springer the Virginian will be missed.*

PONDERING "WHY?"

Gentlemen:

I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT though I am a Northerner born and raised in Wisconsin and though I have lived most of my 75 years in this state, from my days in the good old country school, I have been a Southerner at heart.

I have read of the indescribable price paid in suffering and dying for the cause of freedom and justice—my heart always aches and bleeds as I ponder "Why?"

There was a time when I, like countless others held Lincoln in high esteem, but rest assured that day is long past, having come to know that on his shoulders rest the responsibility for that useless slaughter and waste of precious human life.

I have traveled through the beautiful Southland on numerous occasions. (When we crossed the Ohio River, it seemed we were in another country, we were thrilled all the way.)

Nelson A. Haase
Omro, Wisconsin

GRANT'S POGRAM

Gentlemen:

...JUDAH P. BENJAMIN WAS elected by a Southern, not a Northern state. He served Louisiana with distinction. Jefferson Davis elevated him to the offices of Attorney General, Secretary of War and Secretary of State, C.S.A.

Contrast the South's and Jefferson Davis' treatment of Jews with that of Ulysses S. Grant, who committed the only official anti-Semitic act of the entire War. His hatred of Jews resulted in his infamous General Orders Number 11 of December 17, 1862.

All Jews were expelled from the Department of Tennessee upon pain of military imprisionment should they return. After immense pressure, Lincoln finally rescinded the order.

Mrs. Elizabeth Weddington
UDC, New York Division
New York, New York

A SIP AND A HOLLER

Gentlemen:

I ENJOY YOUR MAGAZINE because out here in New Mexico we don't hear much good about the South anymore. Your magazine always gives me a lot of pride. I left Mississippi in 1946 and came with my parents to New Mexico, but even now, my ties are with Mississippi. My Granddaddy has been dead many years now, but I remember all the stories he told me when I was a child. He said his dad told him that during the War the Mississippi Snipers would practice by shooting out candles at night. He told me his dad got 19 Yanks during the War. He also told me that one time the 18th Regiment ran out of ammunition and a young officer jumped up and told them to "praise Jehovah, fix bayonets, give a holler, and charge!"

When my grandaddy was about 80 years of age and after a few sips of Jack Daniels, I actually got him to give me a Mississippi holler. It was a chilling sound.

Gerald Gene Gardner
Albuquerque, New Mexico

AFTER THE FALL

Gentlemen:

MR. L.W. MAY, IN THE COURSE of his excellent review of *Conversations with Tom Wolfe,* makes the point that Wolfe is "featured on the covers of the most intellectually effete magazines, edited by some of the very people he pillories. And no one can figure out exactly why."

The answer, of course, is that Wolfe is not nearly so popular in New York City as May assumes. His work is published essentially in four magazines—*Harper's, Esquire, Rolling Stone* and *New York* (which have, incidentially, been more attentive than most to Southern culture) —with powerful editors who are as courageous as Wolfe in exposing the phoniness of the cultural establishments.

Wolfe's formidable writing is backed by formidable supporters and his formidable sales. But admirers of his work should not be surprised, if he should slip, by the velocity of his fall. Long knives are waiting.

James Max Lane
Southern Links Magazine
Hilton Head, South Carolina

LONG COMMITMENTS AND SHORT MEMORIES

Gentlemen:

I WAS HAPPY TO SEE Gordon Jackson's defense of Kirk, Sobran and Buchanan, but I do fear they were wrong on the gulf war. The trouble with their opposition was the matter of nuclear weapons and previously made commitments. I wanted to see us totally dismantle Iraq's nuclear program. The later a terrorist country is armed with nukes, the better. Perhaps an actual war could and should have been avoided, but prior commitments may have demanded one.

...The Republican Party is better than the Democrats by default. It just hasn't plunged as deeply as the Democratic Party. Both parties are plenty liberal, and both are conservative in the despotic manner of Communist "conservatives"—they conserve the very recent past, the only history most of them know...

Glen Davidson
College Place, Washington

PUNT THE N.F.L.

Gentlemen:

I have a candidate for the Scalawag Award, though he may not be eligible. Mr. Paul Tagliabue, the Commissioner of the National Football League has threatened to move the 1993 Super Bowl from Phoenix, Arizona over that state's failure to approve a Martin Luther King holiday.

Mr. Tagliabue is probably a Yankee and does not qualify, but I don't think he should blackmail Phoenix!

John B. Garrett, Jr.
Gastonia, North Carolina

THE GENUINE ARTICLES

Gentlemen:

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN is a genuine publication for Southern people. The articles that appear in your magazine are right on track with what is happening to our Southern heritage. I am thankful that I subscribed to your magazine .

May God bless you all!

Lamar Dean
Hephzibah, Georgia

THROWING SPEARS

Gentlemen:

REST ASSURED THAT THE *Southern Partisan* is my favorite magazine and has been for many years now.

Y'all serve as the intellectual spearhead of the attempt to rescue Southern culture from the unjust attacks it has been subjected to.

David S. Neel, Jr.
Birmingham, Alabama

S.P. TOO G.O.P. ?

Gentlemen:

I LOVE YOUR MAGAZINE. I wish it could be published weekly! I have only one gripe and that is your support of the Republican Party. Thanks for your good work.

Billy Ed Bowden
Florissant, Missouri

Editor's Note: The Confederate government had no parties and neither do we.

PARTISAN VIEW

by Richard Quinn

Remembering Lee Atwater

Lee Atwater died in the fraternity of the rich, the famous and the powerful. He was chums with rock stars, with *Fortune* 500 CEO's and he tended to the political needs of presidents, princes and principalities.

Surrounded by a life of glitz, to his credit, Lee never stopped returning phone calls from old friends who were neither rich nor famous, and he frequently came back to his native South Carolina, to see his parents, to jog the side streets of Columbia and to hang out with buddies whose affection he could count on.

Lee knew that Washington was full of phonies. He sold his patented political insights to those phonies. But he derived his insight from his common sense, from listening intensely to common folk, from understanding how ordinary people felt, what they believed and how they could be motivated to vote. Lee Atwater made an art form out of common sense.

Editorialists all over the country have commented on Atwater's passing. The comments on this page, however, are of a more personal character for a particular reason: Lee Atwater and I were friends, then enemies, then tentative friends again during a relationship that spanned about twenty years. In the 1970's we worked together closely on quite a few political campaigns, some successful, others we didn't talk about very much. We were for a time good friends and a good match: he did polling, strategy and management; I did writing and media work.

Then we became enemies. During one stretch, from 1980 to 1986, he and I were so alienated that we would pass each other without speaking. The angry spirit of the feud prevailed, but it was not a feud between foes of equal firepower. During those years, Lee was easily one of the most powerful people in America, so it was a feud that I was forever losing.

The causes of the feud, in retrospect, are fuzzy and unimportant, even silly. Six years later, Lee called and said he was ready to bury the hatchet, if I was. And indeed I was. My slingshot had been no match for the arsenal at his disposal.

When we finally sat down to talk about the old feud, neither of us could remember exactly why we had been so angry. From that meeting until his death five years later, we spoke frequently on the phone, visited once or twice and remained friends, not as close as in the old days, but friends.
A portrait of Stonewall Jackson I had given him, to signify the end of our one-sided battle, hung on his office wall.

Lee was, most of all, a Southerner. He understood Southern politics. From years of labor in state and local races across the South, he learned a valuable lesson about voter behavior. He learned that voters sum up candidates emotionally—and that voters are most likely to vote when two requirements are satisfied: when they feel good about one candidate and bad about the other.

Especially Southerners, Lee understood, want a sense of moral urgency infused into their political action. We want our political leaders to stand for something, not merely to be competent, but to be right. And when a candidate stands for something, that also means that he or she must stand *against* something else. The greater the sense of menace, the greater the desire for victory.

Because he understood this simple truth about Southern politics, Lee refined the art of what is now called "negative" campaigning, telling voters bad things about the opposition. And then he discovered that these techniques worked just as well outside the South, that all voters are best motivated when they have a sense of what they are voting against.

Did Lee become cynical about this insight? Were these techniques used in a manipulative manner? Well, of course. Manipulation, marketing, image, strategic message—these are key ingredients in the business of modern political campaigning. He was blamed for it because he was better at it. And remember too that Lee Atwater didn't invent negative campaigning. Some of us are old enough to recall that the central theme of Lyndon Johnson's campaign for the presidency was that Barry Goldwater, if elected, would blow up the world. Then, after Johnson's four year term, with the exception of Jimmy Carter's brief tenure, the Republican Party has, to this date, never lost the presidency. Lee Atwater was heavily responsible for that series of GOP victories.

Has this Republican ascendancy meant better representation for the South in the affairs of the nation? Or more conservative government? Or less federal meddling? Perhaps not. But Lee was not a policymaker. He was a kingmaker. The campaign itself was his passion. And the world we live in is a far less interesting place without him. May he rest in peace. ✪

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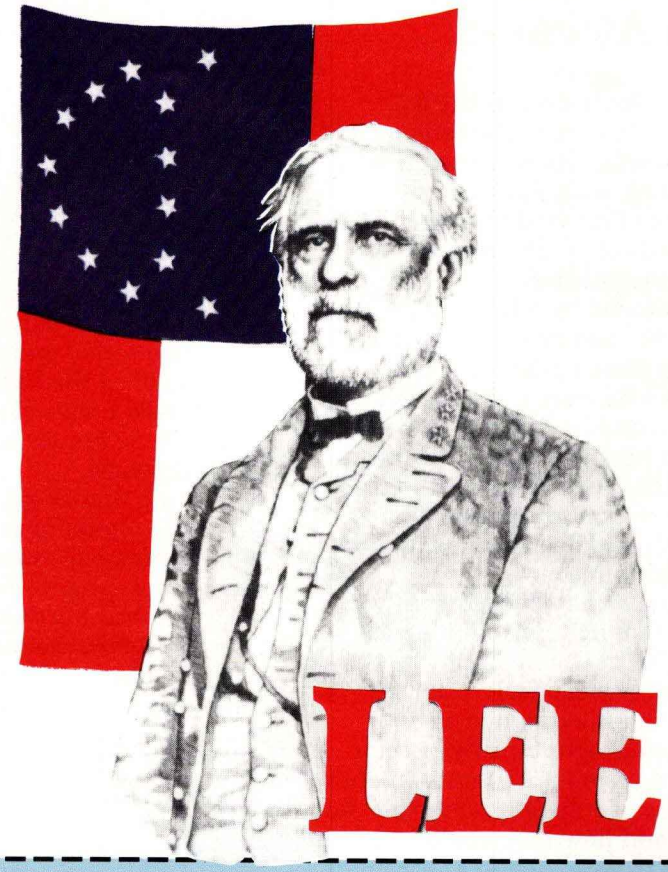

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TRIVIUM

by Matthew Sandel

Tom Landess is on leave from the Partisan while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate Editor during his absence.

Targets and Willieburgers

John Chamberlin called me up the other night with a new scheme.

"I'm selling life-sized Saddam Hussein targets," he said. "I've printed up 25,000. Give me your address. I'll send you some."

"How are you going to market them?" I said. "By the time you get a distributor, Hussein will be dead."

"I'm going to use the homeless," he said. "The guys standing on the corner with signs that say, HOMELESS, GOD BLESS."

"That's a great idea," I said. "You've got a ready-made workforce and you'll be helping to solve a pressing social problem."

"It's not as good an idea as you might think. I saw two black guys on Stemmons Freeway, just outside of Dallas, and thought I had two sure prospects, but when I stopped, they told me to get off their bleeping corner."

He also told me the name they called him.

"But I didn't give up," he told me.

"I said to them, 'Look, You guys can stop begging and start being entrepreneurs.' They told me to quit telling them how to live their lives and go find my own corner. I finally gave up and found another guy standing alone on the next street, no sign, just begging change from people walking by. I gave him a stack of targets and left him on the corner. When I came back a couple of hours later he'd sold 25 at $2 apiece. Made $50. Tomorrow we're going to the parade in downtown Dallas. He's going to sell, and so am I."

John Chamberlin is a retired millionaire who could get along quite nicely without hawking pictures of Saddam Hussein on the street corner. An executive in a bigtime Chicago public relations firm, he decided to get out of the rat race and go into semi-retirement— maybe run a small business. So he moved to Irving, Texas and bought a Kwik Kopy franchise. He hired two or three assistants and began to run the operation himself.

Instead of sitting in his office and occasionally popping out to see if everyone was working, Chamberlin answered the telephone himself with elaborate courtesy, took orders, ran the delivery truck, and learned the business from the bottom up. In three years his franchise was one of the top ten in the United States. In a couple of more years he bought another franchise in the prosperous Las Colinas area.

But even with those growing responsibilities, Chamberlin was restless. Although he had enough work to occupy his time, he didn't feel challenged. It was all too easy. The competition was too unimaginative, too inept. So he fiddled around with all kinds of projects on the side, some of them tied to business, some of them no more than practical jokes.

One of the local characters who hung around his print shop was a former glazier named L. W. May, who drove around in a beat-up pickup, wore old work clothes, and dabbled in real estate. By the time Chamberlin got to know May, the glazier was working on his second million, buying distressed commercial property, fixing it up, and either selling it or leasing it. May fiddled around with wild and improbable schemes too, and a few that were as satisfying and practical as turning his backyard into a vegetable garden.

In order to put some life back into land that had been exhausted years earlier, May bought a truckload of manure and dumped it in his backyard, where it sat through several seasons while he put his mind to other things. Then one day he noticed that the pile was full of huge earthworms, the kind sold in bait shops to fisherman. Later he reported his discovery to Chamberlin.

"Looks like I should be able to sell those worms." he said. "If I just had an outlet."

"Why don't you open a bait shop in the Quadrangle?" Chamberlin said.

"Not enough of a market," May said. "If I'm going into the worm business, then I want to sell worms by the truckload."

Chamberlin thought for a moment.

"Maybe you could sell them to the fast-food industry — for filler."

May laughed,

"That's a good idea. If I could get two or three of these big chains to buy wholesale, then I'd be in business."

The two of them talked for a while about the prospects, carrying the whole ideas to outrageous lengths, and then May had to go.

It was a slow afternoon, so Chamberlin decided to push the joke one step further.

–Trivium *continued on page 43.*

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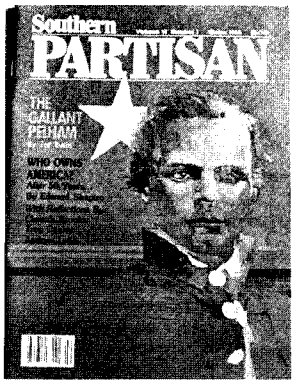

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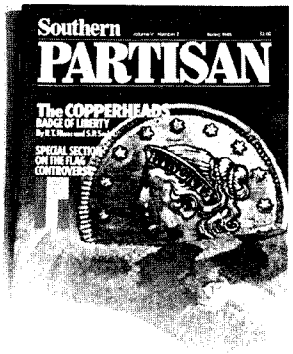

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THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL

by Gordon Jackson

George Bush evidently inherited Ronald Reagan's lucky star along with the presidency. Just as the luster of Desert Storm was beginning to die, just as the right was trying to decide whether to run a primary candidate against him, just when his administration was ready to be exposed as a domestic policy vacuum, the issue of the decade falls right into his lap. The debate over the civil rights legislation being voted on in the Congress as we go to press could well re-establish Bush's ties with the Reagan constituency that elected him and ensure his landslide re-election.

The Democrats have been caught somewhat off guard in this one. They were simply going about their usual business of delivering up boodle to the interest groups that own them, when Bush reframed the whole civil rights debate. Whether by polls, or through sound political instinct, he came upon the magic word that changes everything, "quotas."

The business at hand for the Democrats was undoing through legislation the handiwork of the Rehnquist Court. Six recent decisions of the High Court had made the prospects of civil rights litigants and their lawyers considerably less rosy. One of these cases actually did cut right to the heart of the quota issue as it plays out in the real world.

It's important to note that, aside from a directive concerning government contractors issued by John Kennedy, there is no such thing as government-mandated quotas. Where quotas do come into play is through what are known in the legal world as disparate impact suits. If a plaintiff can show that an employer does not have a work force that precisely corresponds demographically with the community at large (50% white, 30% black, 20% Hispanic, for example) then a *prima facie* case of discrimination is made out and the employer bears the burden of showing that his hiring practices are not discriminatory.

This was the view accepted by federal courts of such suits until the Rehnquist Court held that the burden must be on the plaintiff to show a specific discriminatory hiring practice, rather than making the defendant prove that he didn't discriminate. As one might imagine, the old theory placed a substantial burden on employers. Quotas--the attempt to achieve a work force with specific percentages of minorities that correspond with those of the community arose as an attempt to cover one's back side against the possibility of these costly suits.

For the last two years the need to structure one's work force so as to protect against these suits has not been nearly so compelling. But the Democrat version of the new civil rights bill attempts to put employers up against it again by returning the burden of proof to them. The Democrats are attempting to bring back quotas as they actually take effect in the real world, while at the same time trumpeting a nonsense provision in their legislation that purports to outlaw quotas. This is extremely disingenuous, because the Democrats do understand that disparate impact suits are really the crux of the quota issue. When Democrats drafted legislation a few years ago to include homosexuals under the Civil Rights Act of 1964, they were careful to rule out the possibility of such suits because they knew the ensuing stink over quotas for homosexuals would immediately kill the proposal's prospects.

Bush has called them here. The debate over this legislation is indeed about quotas and whether they're to be deemed acceptable. Actually, Bush's bill imposes a slightly higher burden of proof on employers than now exists, so it is not exactly a principled stand in opposition to quotas. But for political purposes it should suffice. He has used this issue as effectively as he used Willie Horton, but with the demagoguery on the other side of the fence this time.

The Democrats' bill would open the floodgates of litigation. In an attempt to widen the civil rights boodle constituency, it would allow punitive damages to successful non-black plaintiffs. The law so far has provided only back pay and legal fees for women, the handicapped and other such non-black litigants. That heavy breathing you hear is from employment discrimination attorneys who will be more than happy to take such cases on a contingency basis, if the Democrats' bill becomes law.

The country seems to have had its fill of flagrant government redistribution done in the name of civil rights. The great population mass of baby-boomers is starting to come up against the limits on upward mobility. The last thing a 40 year-old wants to see is another hurdle to getting that supervisory position he's been going after for years.

The Republicans went to school on the election returns from California last fall. Pete Wilson overtook Dianne Feinstein in the governor's race the instant she fell in behind a proposal for a quota system for state employees. Elections in the South had hinged on such issues for years, but when California weighed in, even Republican strategists could read the tea leaves. Quotas are a loser, or, in George Bush's case, a winner. ✪

Obiter Dicta

Back-to-Back Partisans

Regular *Partisan* readers are painfully aware that their favorite magazine has been lagging behind in its publication schedule for some time now. You will be pleased to know that we are now about to catch up by publishing two issues back-to-back, this one (First Quarter 1991) and then the Second Quarter issue, which subscribers will be receiving in approximately three weeks. Skeptical? Well, we can't blame you, but both issues are ready for press. Your generosity in responding to past fundraising appeals has made this possible.

Please note that this issue goes to press without the usual *CSA Today* section. Since that section contains a calendar of events, to avoid redundancy, *CSA Today* items covering a period of three months will appear in the Second Quarter issue, which will be out very shortly. You may therefore want to read this issue a little more quickly than you usually do, because another one is in the pipes. Of course, your *Partisan* has always been timely. Soon we will also be on time. This has been done solely to restore your faith in miracles. ✪

Who Is Bridget Kerrigan?

That's the question all of Cambridge, Massachusetts wanted to have answered, when the Harvard senior hung a large Confederate Battle Flag in the window of her dorm room. All of a sudden, the faculty, the black student union and the Harvard *Crimson* decided that the young woman from Great Falls, Virginia had to be denounced and repudiated. What really made them mad was not so much her refusal to pull down the flag. What stung most of all was her eloquence. Here are Bridget's own words:

"I see the Confederate Flag as a regional symbol of optimism and rebuilding...a link to the past and the future of the South...all that is noble and young and rebellious and brave. Tenacity in the darkest hour. Respect for truth, integrity, character and duty. That is the flag for the War for Southern Independence."

But wait, she's just getting started. There's more. When campus pressure began to build for Bridget Kerrigan to become more politically correct by yanking down the flag, she flatly refused and issued this ringing challenge to her classmates and school officials: "If they talk about diversity, they're going to get it. If they talk about tolerance, they better be ready to have it!" Then she coined a wonderful phrase. Those who continued to agitate to have her remove the Flag were nailed once and for all as "Brahmin Yankee Monoculturalists."

So, who is Briget Kerrigan? She is a magnificent reason to believe that there is hope for the future. The Brahmin Yankee Monoculturalists at Harvard are not likely to forget her name for a long, long time. ✪

Getting It Straight

While Briget Kerrigan was giving Harvard a lesson in the meaning of tolerance, the *Richmond News-Leader* was striking another blow for the South. We quote directly from a recent editorial:

"In recent years pundits and the usual suspects have tried to do to the South what civil war, Reconstruction, and almost a century of economic urban/rural conflicts failed to do: To destroy the region's identity. Thus the preferred terms speak of the Southeast--a geographical designation, not a region—and of the Middle Atlantic states.

...The Southern drawl—from the lilt of eastern Tidewaters, to the broad As of the the Piedmonts, to the twang of the mountain hollows—gives strong cadences to the military jargon of Desert Storm. The South, with 38% of the nation's population, provided more than half of the reservists and National Guard members activated for the operation....Public support for President Bush's war policy has maintained high levels across the land, but the heaviest margin of that support has been sustained in the South...

...So to those revisionists who persist in calling the region the Southeast or the Middle Atlantic area, it's The South. *Got that?*

Got it. Brahmin Yankee Monoculturalists please take note. ✪

The Developing Madness

USA Today reports that the nation's banks are in financial trouble, offering a state by state listing of hundreds of banks now seeing deep recessionary red. A quick glance reveals that very, very few banks in the Old South are on the trouble list. Outside of Texas, the only sick Southern banks we find are in Atlanta, Nashville and Florida. One consultant is quoted observing that "The heart of the South is extremely strong."

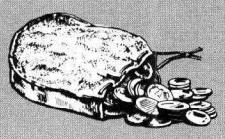
Why? *USA Today* seems hesitant to come right out and say it: the South, at least so far, hasn't been overdeveloped by the greedy boys who love to build malls and condos and executive skyscrapers without worrying about what will happen after they get paid. The symbol of this recession might well be the bulldozer. Meanwhile, smart investors would be wise to put down their *Wall Street Journal* long enough to read a few chapters of *I'll Take My Stand.* In tough times, a good old tomato patch makes a lot more sense than a parking lot. ✪

Jungle Fever

Spike Lee is now promoting his new movie about interracial romance, and Yankee critics are falling over each other in coming up with superlatives to praise Lee as the new genius of cinema. On his promotional tour, Lee recently said he was offended by people who waved American Flags, and when his *Jungle Fever* failed to be picked as best movie this year at Cannes, he blamed his loss on the racism of the "golden white boys" who call the shots.

Spike's latest "angry black" rhetorical ploy is to suggest that white males who don't like his movies are not merely racist, but sexually envious of black men. "White males have always had a problem," he says, when they see white women involved with black men. "I don't expect the movie to do very well in the South," he said with a smug laugh.

We don't expect the movie to do well outside the South either. Most people understand the difference between art and political diatribe. Spike Lee's following will continue to be limited to a bizarre corps of chic radicals and cultural neurotics. Come to think of it, that may represent quite a large constituency in some places. ✪



Scalawag Award

We finally figured out the problem. Southerners are just too polite to express themselves when they have been offended. Two recent cases prove the point, one in Mississippi, the other in Texas.

The University of Mississippi Alumni Association and Board of Directors recently passed a proclamation condemning the use of the Confederate Flag by football fans because they said it was offensive to some people. Indeed the Sports Editor of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, Al Dunning, who writes like English is his second language, said of the flags at Ole Miss games: "...Granted, they undoubtedly made a statement about states rights and federal nosiness back when those were hot issues. But those days have been gone a long time...How the flags ever got to be so popular in the first place is a mystery." But not nearly so mysterious as how so inept a writer became editor of anything. At any rate, Mr. Dunning and the Ole Miss Alumni Association want to drop the Flag because they think its offensive to some people.

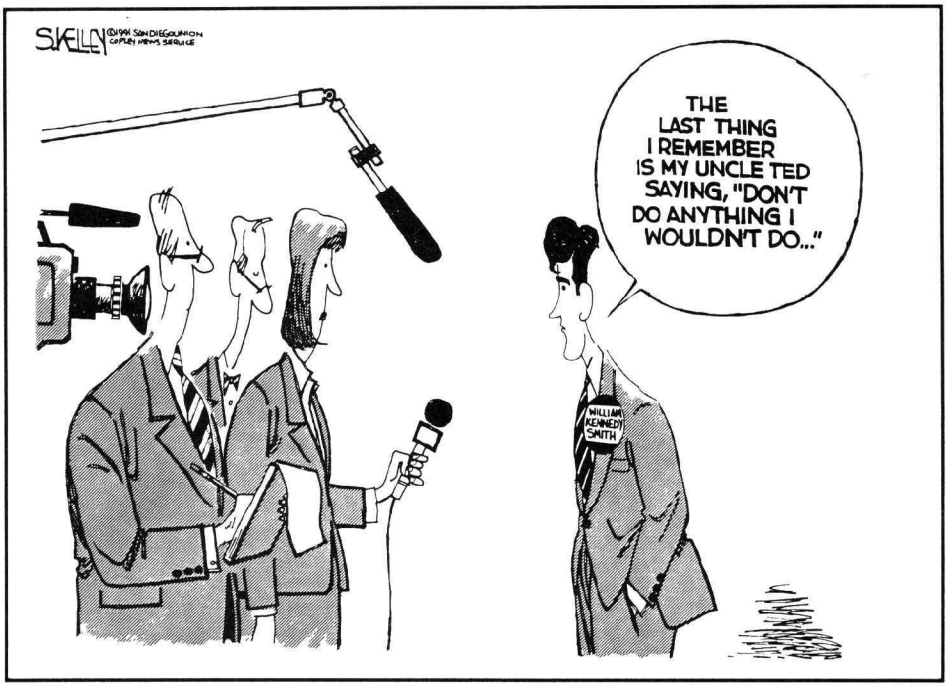
Now we go all the way over to Texas, where the *Dallas Morning News* reports that NCNB Texas has directed that the playing of Dixie be deleted from the annual state fair laser show, which the bank sponsors. The bank admitted that they had received only "a handful" of complaints. They "just didn't want to offend anyone."

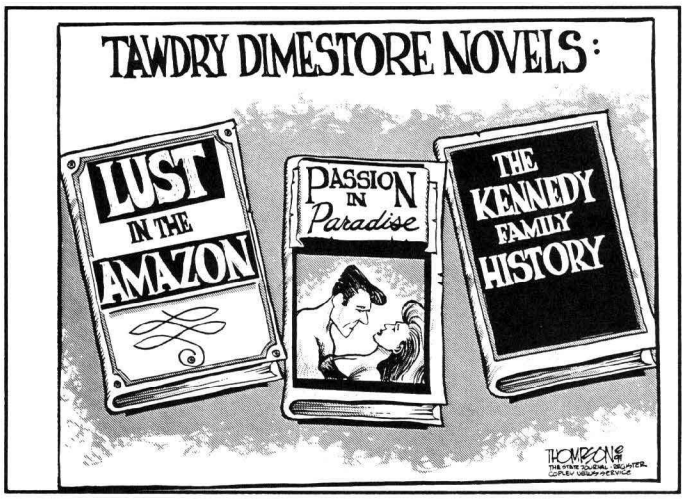
So there you have it. Our Scalawag this time goes (in split edition) goes to Al Dunning, Sports Editor, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, 95 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee 38103; and Robert B. Lane, President NCNB Texas, 901 Main Street, 71st Floor, Dallas, Texas 75202. They don't want to offend anyone. So if you are offended that Dixie has been banned in Dallas and the Confederate Flag shunned at Ole Miss, please let them know right away. When you write Mr. Dunning, be sure to use short sentences and easy words. Four letters or less.

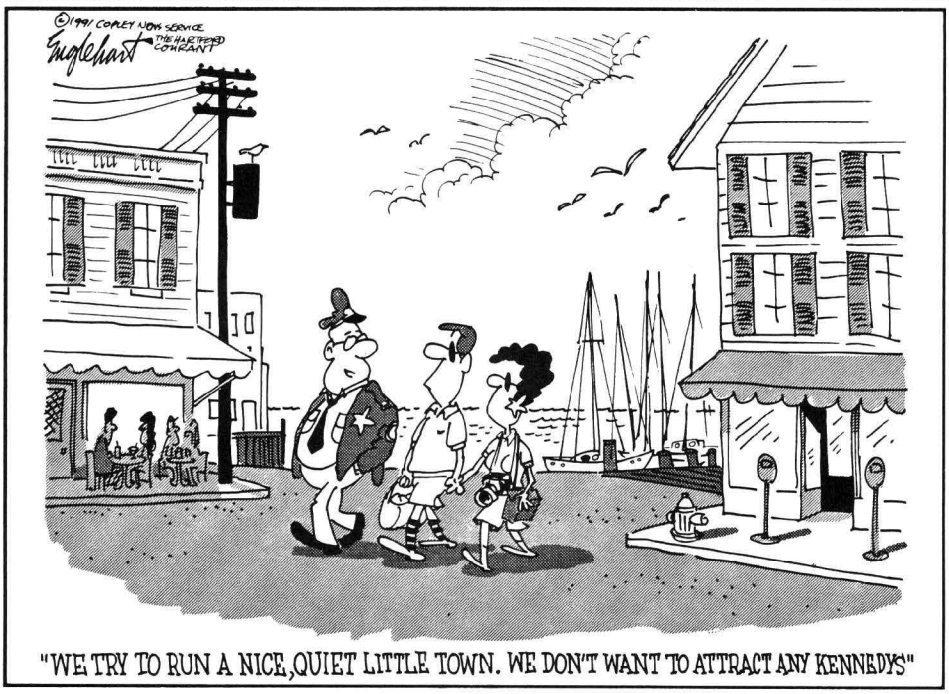
And by the way, a group of Ole Miss fans who support the Flag has been formed, called *Rebels With A Cause.* If you would like to help them promote a positive image for our Battleflag, their address is P.O. Box 1922, Oxford, Mississippi 38655. ✪

PARTISAN 'TOONS

Teddy Kennedy's Southern Tour


SKELLY ©1991 SAN DIEGO UNION COPLEY NEWS SERVICE
THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS MY UNCLE TED SAYING, "DON'T DO ANYTHING I WOULDN'T DO..."
WILLIAM KENNEDY SMITH

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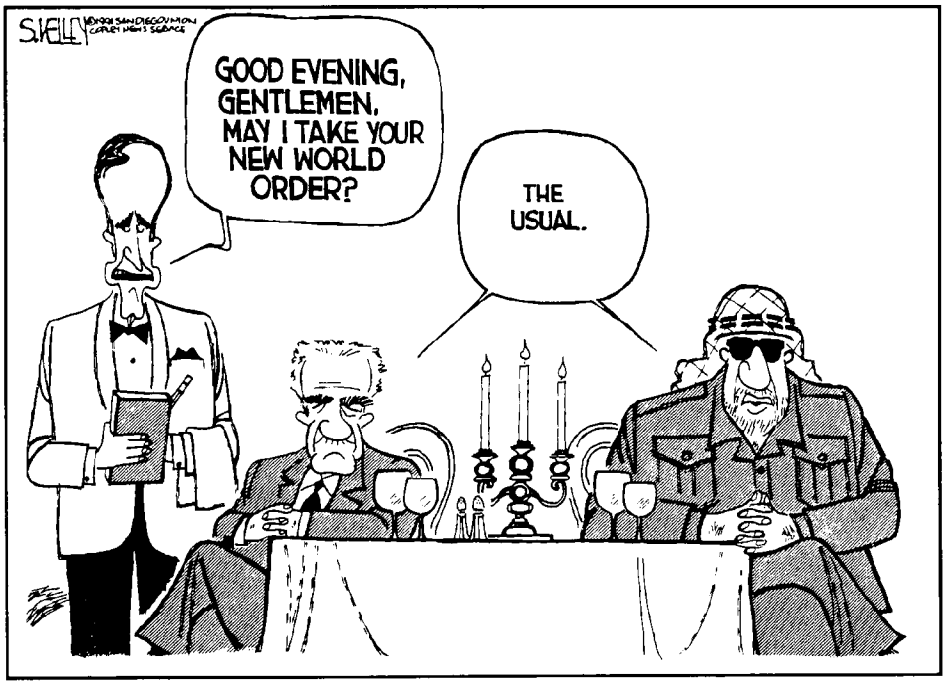
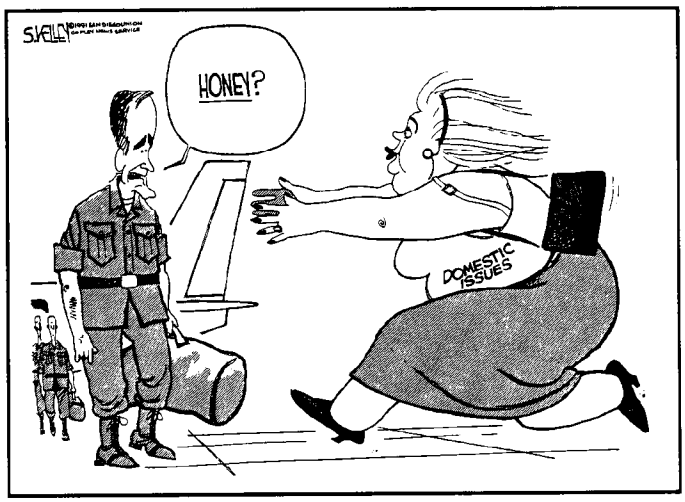
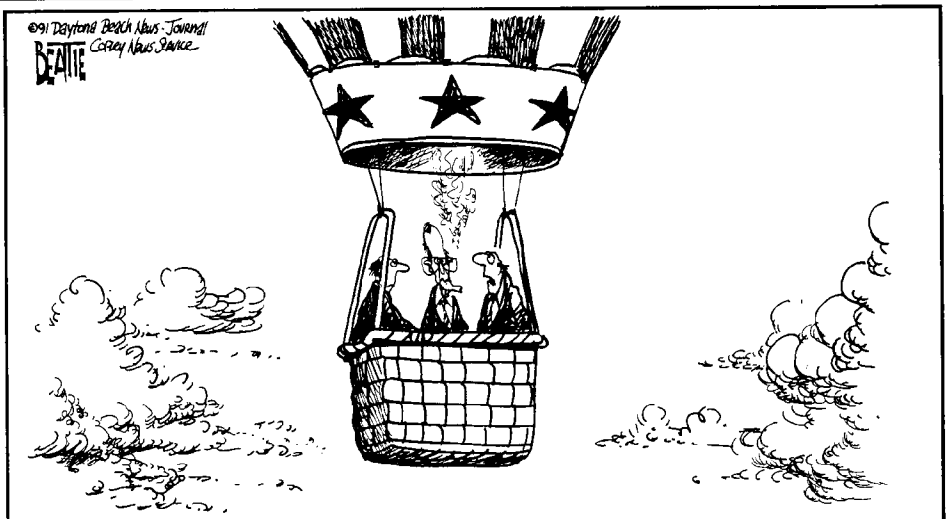
Englehart
THE HARTFORD COURANT
"WE TRY TO RUN A NICE, QUIET LITTLE TOWN. WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ANY KENNEDYS"

George Bush's Middle Eastern Tour







"An endurance record shouldn't be a problem, Mr. President. Just keep talking about the new world order."

RICH MAN'S WAR: POOR MAN'S FIGHT

By Jesse Hill Ford

The years I look back on as most rewarding are those spent researching for my novel of settlement and war, *The Raider* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1975).

From 1968 through 1973 I was privileged to explore the life dream of the South from 1820 through 1870, working mostly in the Mississippi Valley Collection at Memphis State University, but also in the Tennessee Library and Archives at Nashville.

Private individuals were kind enough to let me see letters, journals, diaries, plantation journals and every other kind of written record, including notes of hand and promissory notes (numerous when banks were scarce).

I sought the profile of the yeoman farmer. I wanted to know everything I could about the man who walked into the wilderness and built from the stump up, and who, subsequently, saw it all destroyed in one of the bloodiest wars in history.

I had, as well, the story of my father's forebears, who settled land in Alabama Territory, migrating from Virginia. I knew from my father and my Grandfather Ford the story of the Ford Plantation in Perry County, near Marion.

As a native Southnerner whose paternal grandfather was an only child thanks to his father's dying of war wounds shortly after his release from a Yankee military prison. I have carried the sense of *being* a Southerner all my life.

In writing *The Raider,* I sought to experience as truly as possible, in the long, long aftermath of that war what being a Southerner was like *back then.*

Here are a few things, then, that I discovered, things I did not know before I began my research. I was after what the novelist terms "selective detail." The minute, the little known, the fact so commonplace then as to hardly be worth mention in the sweeping, high flown histories of great battles, wherein the ordinary soldier is merely an incognito, nameless speck. His death or survival is treated as beside the point.

The boys who did the dying, who endured before they died, the suffering, who experienced that world, soon developed a practical, and yes, a cynical outlook.

"Rich man's war: poor man's fight."

It was as obvious in that war as in this last one. And as in our recent "War in the Gulf" the attitude was not *entirely* true. Rich men were out there fighting in that war, but they were few. And the poor boys who were doing the fighting and the dying were undergoing many of the same old feelings about the inequities of who goes to war and who stays home.

If you owned a sufficient number of slaves you could claim exemption from service in the Confederate forces. The theory was twofold. For one thing you'd be home to see that "servile insurrection" did not raise its ugly head. You'd maintain control and prevent the possibility of a slave revolt breaking out and thus embarrassing The Sacred Cause.

Better still, you'd run the farm and keep up cotton production. Cotton, as we are all aware, was deemed to be the life blood of the Confederacy. Europe would step in to help us with our war effort for Europe would be desperate for the cotton.

A wealthy Southerner could take a ship to Panama, cross the isthmus by rail, and catch a ship north to San Francisco where a gold rich society provided every comfort and pleasure known to civilization, if you could afford it. Not a few Southerners could, and did.

Of all the wise sayings about war which I found, and they were many, the one that impresses me most is:

"Never draw the sword, but if you draw it, throw the scabbard away."

And this, of course, is what a South, reluctant to go to war, a South drawn into war as it were in spite of everything it could do to avoid it, did.

It threw the scabbard away and the bloody visage of total war made its appearance on the modern stage.

Napoleon gave Southerners examples to follow. A favorite line used by the Confederate officer addressing his troops before battle, in that combination prayer meeting and pep rally which soldiers have always loved, was: *"To die is nothing, to live in defeat is to die everyday."*

Napoleon, on St. Helena, with the British who were in charge of him lacing his soup with arsenic, experienced the sad truth of that famous line of his.

The South, during so-called Reconstruction, the reign of terror following the surrender at Appommatox Court House, was also to discover what it is like to die every day.

My studies have left me convinced that the legacy of the Reconstruction is one we live with in the South to this day. It is a legacy of public fraud, corruption, and theft. It is the crooked sheriff, the political payoff, the special interests that rape the land, take away the resources, and leave the forests destroyed, the rivers poisoned and the people poor. It is the crooked cop who beats to death helpless men and women. This is Reconstruction stuff. It is not the stuff of the South we had and the South we knew before the defeat of the Confederacy.

Defeat did not make the South noble. Defeat and Reconstruction made the South desperate. The widows of Confederates who died poor did what they could to survive. The result was wholesale prostitution.

Nashville, Tennessee as late as the Thirties had the justly earned reputation of having more churches and whorehouses than any other city in this nation.

How did that happen? Bear in mind that Tennessee was the battleground of the War in the West and you have your answer. The boys who answered the call to the colors and marched away to drive the northern invader from the Sacred Soil deemed it cowardly to fight lying down. Men stood up to fight. Men did not shoot others from ambush. You didn't crouch behind a wall, you didn't cower behind a tree. You stood up and you fought and you died like a man, or the other fellow died.

For the *code duello* was in full flower. Southerners would shoot each other if and when they felt insulted. Loaded canes, a walking stick which fired a charge, were in vogue, as were pocket pistols, pistols that were also daggers, and other deadly paraphernalia.

One or two stand-up fights soon cured this nation. As the fighting matured and Southern fighters gained experience, the art of the assault was perfected. The line would charge, keeping

an eye on the enemy line.

At the sight of that belch of smoke which signalled that the Yankees had fired their guns, the charging lads in gray and butternut by reflex, quick as thought, fell to earth. Death passed harmlessly overhead, and our boys were up again and charging before the Yankees could reload, The rest is history.

"Put the cold steel to him," is a term that comes down from that war of the swords and the bayonets. Southern bankers in the security of the board room during loan conferences use the term in another context.

Getting back to the "stand-up fights" we still hear Southerners refer to the "stand-up" guy. Mister Macho. Well, time was when a stand-up fellow soon found a Yankee bullet and it could be said of what had happened:

"When you're dead, you're dead a long time."

This is rueful Confederate humor in an age dedicated to the proposition that the good went to Heaven, the bad to Hell. And of the Resurrection it was said that the sight would be worth your eyes:

"To *see* all them arms and legs lost here and yonder all over the place from Gettysburg to Mobile—all them tens of thousands flying through the air to rejoin the boys that lost them? Whew!"

As the war wore on a philosophy curiously akin to Existentialism made its way, attired in homespun to be sure, into the Confederate midst and mind.

Rather than live with the fear of Hell or the promise of Paradise and Pearly Gates, the fighting men among themselves were content to live with the sentiment later expressed by Mark Twain, but published post mortem. Your real thoughts and actions *had* to be kept from your mother and any other female kin, at all costs. Thus like Mark Twain, the poor boy doing the fighting in the rich man's war could avow that as he'd no recollection of any pain or discomfort *before* he existed, he didn't reckon there would be any such *after* he ceased to exist.

It made the dying easier, bottomline.

To make sure mothers and sisters and maiden aunts didn't catch on, the lad would write home a pious letter to the family. Buried therein would be the code phrase, "O be joyful."

The capture of a Yankee supply wagon with an officer's private stock of wines, whiskey, and cordials, which were, to be sure, *joy-*

fully consumed, sometimes right on the spot, could only be safely reported home in this fashion. The men in the lad's family, sad would be heartened to know their young warrior was not going entirely without the comfort of good spirits.

And there were bad spirits in the South, especially on the frontier of the Old Southwest. Of all descriptive terms the name *bust-head,* applied to that raw whiskey which was the poor man's staple, says it best.

Not only did it leave monumental headaches, blinding attacks that sent wigglesome visions swarming in the peripheral vision of its victim, it also brought on *mania potia.* One fine old gentleman would climb the ladder leading to the barn loft, screaming his head off and begging for someone to grab his legs and drag him down. His illusion was that he was being drawn into heaven by some fatal and powerful magnetism.

Another account tells how an otherwise perfectly reasonable old gent had developed the unshakable belief that a chicken was his deceased father. The fowl ate with him, perched on the dining table at mealtimes, and was otherwise kindly and respectfully treated, as behooves a good son mindful of his duty to treat the one who sired him with due honor and deference.

For the privileged, while life on the home front might have its sorrows and its dire disappointments, there were, right up to the end, fancy dress balls and masquerades, amateur theatricals, and truly beautiful and splendid weddings, that of John Mosby being but one glittering example.

For others there were all sorts of ruses employed to "save the bacon." Death was much more commonplace, then, there being, as the saying went, "far more short graves than long ones."

Commercial photographers had as their staple, making photographs of dead children. Thousands of these, like the bank notes and the notes of hand, are still in existence.

The grave of any loved one, once dug, brought to inventive and desperate minds the wisdom of including, in, under, above the hole, to the right, or the left of it, the family jewels, the silver, the best china. All sorts of things went into the grave.

But the practice was not long secret. The Yankees soon carried probes and even used swords in a pinch to test the gravesites for valuables. The probe was an iron T-bar. Holding it in both hands the grave robber fell forward on it full force, thus thrusting it deep into the earth beside the tombstone on the theory that if valuables were there they could be "felt." Sometimes it worked.

Accounts of the loyalty of black slaves to white masters during the war raise hackles in many quarters today, especially among that invidious element, present in all societies, which tends to ignore the truth when it does not fit their erroneous preconceptions. But the slaves were loyal. Many went to war to look after Confederate masters. And there are instances in which black servants in the front line begged to be allowed to take pot shots at the Yankee foe. House servants, especially, resented the Yankee and are quoted as complaining about the pillaging and the tramping down of the gardens. Without the help and the inqenuity, not to mention the loyalty of servants, many plantations would have lost not just silverware but food stores and livestock as well. Confederates were not above a bit of foraging themselves. Armies and wars don't change much. In every company there was at least one soldier who could smell a pig pen while on the march, and find his way back there by night as unerringly as a returning passenger pigeon. Ditto henyards, a cow, and anything else edible.

A former slave on the Ford plantation kept to the habit after the war of cooking and dining on rats. Confederates in prison camps did as much, and the practice came home with them

when the war ended.

Mountain folk attempted and in many cases succeeded in protecting their larder by replying to a hungry Confederate soldier's knock on the door that all within were down with the fever. Fevers in that age could mean sure death. One had no way to know if cholera, diphtheria, smallpox or a long litany of dreadful things might be just inside that door. Even if a soldier could "smell the coffee and the aroma of frying bacon" he might hesiate and leave those folk alone. And this ruse in turn came to be known, jokingly, as "mountain fever."

The frontier bedtime stories for children which come down to us today as the tales of Uncle Remus were the stories told, not just by slaves, but by the native Indians who not only cared for frontier children in the South, but intermarried with white and black Southerners alike, bringing with them their children's stories which are variously Creek, Cherokee, and Chickasaw. The removal of the Indian from the territories of what was the Confederacy obscures this and other Indian contributions to the Southern character. Let's name a few.

1. *The Rebel Yell.* I realize that I will be attacked for venturing this fact. But the Rebel Yell is of Indian and frontier origin. In a land where Indian warfare took its toll of settlers with daily attacks and deaths for more than a century, why should we deny it? Used in our great war it wrought terrible psychological havoc on the enemy.

2. *Southern tolerance of bizarre behavior.* Sut Lovingood's daddy decides he is a horse. He is bridled and ridden. I cannot recall any fuss whatsoever during my early childhood about homosexuality. If a man was a sissy it was accepted precisely in the same way the Southern Indians accepted this fact of existence. Nobody bothered about it. And in the small town South of today, as we see shot through our fiction, bizarre behavior is almost the norm. Skating on the dining room table, having sex with a cow—from Miss Welty and Mister Faulkner, for two examples. The Indian as we knew him did what he pleased when it pleased him and for reasons all his own. No trait could be more Southern.

3. *The notion that war is fun will never be ironed out of Southerners.* The late Tennessee Senator Estes Kefauver was fond of remarking, in the U.S. Senate, and elsewhere, that a Tennessean never asks what a war is about. All he wants to know is where it is. The Indian was not a tree-hugger. He was a devotee of the warpath, first and last. Tied up in this tendency to fight is the notion, deep-down, and heart-felt, that fighting has to do with honor and manhood. If this is not Southern, I am not Southern. But this is also Indian, and yes, on the maternal side I am a Musgrove. And a certain Mary Musgrove, who was Cherokee, was selling land to the British Crown before the U.S.A. had been dreamed of, far, far back. So, just maybe, like many another Southern family, many of which are not aware of it, I am kin to my aboriginal brothers.

Our particular poor man's fight, rich man's war, lasted, like the nation it attempted to defend, but four short years, terrible years to be sure. But it created in the awful proccess a tribal sense of apartness and those who belong to it are still identifiably Southern, and, if I may say so, damned proud of it.

We lost, but we also won. ✪

Jesse Hill Ford is a freelance writer from Bellevue, Tennessee. One of his first works,* The Conversion of Buster Drumwright, *appeared on CBS television. In addition to his novels and short stories, his version of the Southern perspective can often be found in the editorial pages of* USA Today. The Raider, *was published by Atlantic-Little, Brown in 1975.

The Warrior Who Named STONEWALL

by Jack Morgan Hicks

On a steamy summer morning, the first major land battle of the War for Southern Independence unlimbered. A noble day for a picnic, civilians thought, and they advanced with an army of their own to root for the home team. This was the First Battle of Manassas, but it was to be no picnic.

As the Armies sparred for position, an angry young Brigadier General, Barnard Elliott Bee, was saddled with a defensive assignment in the big thunder to come.

On July 21, 1861, General P. G. T. Beauregard's Confederate Army was situated to the Southeast and the Federals to the Northeast, with the creek called Bull Run separating them. Beauregard had planned a thrust against Centreville from his right. But the orders were lost, and before this offensive could be initiated, there was word of Yankee activity on the left. Thought to be coming at Stone Bridge, Bee and his 3rd Brigade were dispatched on the double over hill and dale, through heat and dust for four miles.

But Bee quickly realized that Stone Bridge was not the focus of attack, only a feint. The booming and rattling of a concentrated assault could be heard to the Northwest. But though Bee had been sent on a wild goose chase, it proved providential, for he was now two miles from the action, instead of six. Brigadier General Irvin McDowell, Commander of the Union force, had opened a major offensive across Sudley Ford upstream, which was threatening to buckle the sparse Confederate extreme left flank. Only Colonel Nathan G. "Shanks" Evans, and his miniature brigade—the 4th South Carolina, 1st Louisiana, a few cavalry and two guns—were there to hold the line.

Bee, exercising the discretion possessed only by true leaders, had no time to await further orders. His men had already double-quicked four miles, and now were ordered on the double for two more. Bee, who had been preparing to deploy where the main battle was not to be, now saw to it that he was in the right place at the right time.

"Here is the battlefield, and we are in for it!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. Evans, with his tiny brigade, was like Horatius at the Bridge, fending off overwhelming numbers. At about 10 o'clock his men were about spent, after holding the Federals at bay for close to a remarkable three hours.

Bee's brigade plunged into battle in the nick of time. They stung like bees, these short-handed Confederates; the 4th Alabama, the 2nd Mississippi, and two companies of the 11th Mississippi.

But the odds weighed against them. Bee first ordered Captain John D. Imboden's battery forward (despite protestations that they hadn't had breakfast yet). Im-

The Fourth Alabama **by Don Troiani, courtesy of the Department of the Army, National Guard Bureau.** Confederate Brig. Gen. Bernard E. Bee, having recently resigned from the U.S. Army and still wearing his blue uniform, realizes his army's left flank is exposed and orders the Fourth Alabama to advance rapidly and plug the gap in the Confederate line. For over an hour the Fourth Alabama held its position and repulsed several Union regiments.

boden was slow in deploying and Bee's artillery support was minuscule. His troops were exhausted and parched after double-quicking six miles in stifling heat and dust. Federal reinforcements flooded in. "The enemy were right in front of us in overpowering numbers," an Alabamian later wrote. Another observed: "Despite his green troops, he (Bee) did excellent work in opposing the Federal flanking movement..."

General Bee was soon reinforced by a stouthearted Georgian, Colonel Francis S. Bartow, with only two available regiments, the 7th and 8th Georgia. The commands of Bee, Bartow, and Evans combined numbered about 4,500—less than half their adversary.

But they attacked anyway. Bee's 4th Alabama advanced the farthest, colliding with the enemy head-on in a cornfield on Mathews Hill. The outnumbered Confederates slugged it out in the open and tenaciously held their ground, battling Generals Burnside and Porter almost to a standstill. "Our brave men fell in great numbers," wrote Captain Thomas Goldsby. But Bee's men repulsed three attacks before being engulfed from three sides. Bee ordered a withdrawal, but could not avoid a brutal pummeling. Worse was to come.

As the 4th Alabama was falling back in good order, they saw gray uniforms in the distance. Located as they were, the 69th New York was mistaken as Confederate reinforcement. "They opened a murderous fire upon our ranks," again wrote Captain Goldsby. But the 4th didn't panic, getting in a volley of their own and killing a lieutenant colonel before retiring hastily.

Meanwhile, due to the intrepid delaying actions of Bee, Bartow and Evans, Confederate reinforcements were at hand: Hampton, Cocke, Early and the peerless Thomas J. Jackson.

General Bee had assumed overall command of what remained of the left flank. They had fallen back to Henry Hill when Colonel Wade Hampton arrived. Hampton's Legion joined the fray—but it was not enough. The Yankees swarmed like locusts. Bee rode up and down the lines in the heat, dust and smoke, heedless of his own safety, furiously trying to hold on. Although Jackson contributed artillery fire, he did not commit his infantry regiments at this time.

Then Bee approached Jackson's right flank regiment "...erect and full of fire, his jet-black and long hair, and his blue uniform of a general officer made him the cynosure of all."

"General, they are beating us back," shouted Bee.

"Sir, we'll give them the bayonet," was Jackson's reply. At this, Bee galloped back into the bloodshed atop Henry Hill.

Locating remnants of the indomitable 4th Alabama, he shouted, "this is all of my brigade that I can find—will you follow me back to where the firing is going on?"

"To the death!" they heartily responded.

He then shouted something else and a legend was born.

"Look! There stands Jackson like a stone wall! Let us determine to die here and we will conquer. Follow me." And Brigadier General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, Commander of the First Brigade under General Joseph E. Johnston, was knighted with the magic moniker of "Stonewall." His First Brigade also became known as the Stonewall Brigade and both were legends in their own time.

A controversy was also born. There have been claims that Bee was actually being derogatory, because Jackson had his infantry lying down in safety (at the base of Henry Hill) instead of committing them to the battle. And that Bee's brother-in-law, James Hill, overheard the denunciation, as follows: "There stands Jackson like a damn stone wall, and he's not going to budge an inch, so we'll have to do it alone!" Pro or con, it is generally agreed that Bee was responsible for pinning what turned out to a scintillating sobriquet upon Jackson.

Barnard Elliott "Barnie" Bee now rests in the family cemetery in St. Paul's Churchyard, in the historic town of Pendleton, South Carolina. His last words were: "Where are the Pendleton boys? Let them take me from the field." And some of them did.

What do we know of this promising and dedicated young general officer? A true warrior who, himself, might have achieved the stature of a Stonewall Jackson had he lived.

He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on February 8, 1824. His father, Colonel Barnard Elliott Bee, Sr., moved the family to Texas in 1835, but not before living for about two years in the Bee House and the "The Hive" in Pendleton, South Carolina. Colonel Bee, celebrated for his elegant and courtly manners, led a distinguished career serving under Texas President Sam Houston as Secretary of State and Ambassador to the United States. The Colonel returned to Pendleton, where he died in 1853. Barnie's grandfather, Thomas Bee, was the first Federal Judge of the State of South Carolina. His older brother Hamilton Prioleau "Ham" Bee achieved prominence in his own right as a Texas legislator and Confederate general.

Young Barnard Bee entered the United States Military Academy in 1841. Since Texas was an independent nation, he was classified as a cadet-at-large. His favorite subject at West Point was French. He did not distinguish himself in his other subjects. Family friend Gaines Kincaid said: "...he was probably close to brilliant—but much too fun-loving to apply himself well to his studies." He never had to try very hard—and generally was successful. He graduated in 1845, 33rd in his class.

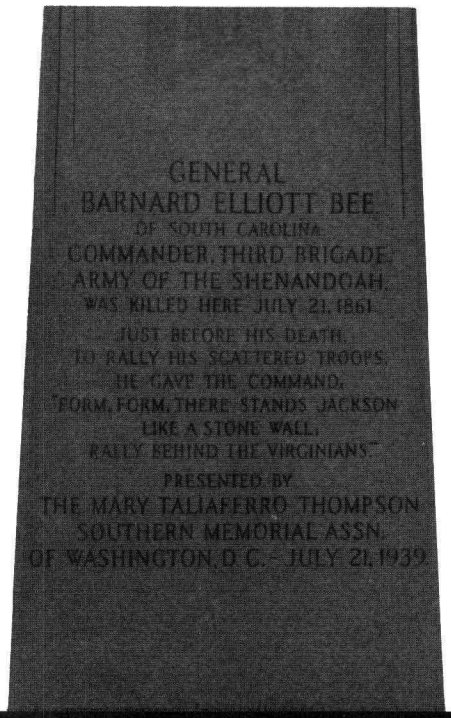
On February 3, 1856 he married Sophia E. Hill, the sister of James Hill, who allegedly heard the "stone wall" criticism. Early grief in their lives was the loss of two children in infancy of diphtheria.

Bee served with distinction in the Mexican War, winning two brevets. He was promoted to First Lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo, on the 18th of April, 1847," in which he was wounded. And then to Captain, "in the storming of Chapultepec," on the 13th of September, 1847. He was awarded a sword of honor from his native state of South Carolina.

Following the Mexican War, Bee served with distinction at various Western posts. He was in Minnesota Territory during 1856 and much of 1857. His regiment was part of a legion serving under Brigadier General Albert Sidney Johnston, sent by President Buchanan to quell a rebellion in Utah Territory.

Tragically, shortly thereafter, Brigadier General Barnard Elliott Bee, Jr., Commander of the Third Brigade of General Johnston's Army of the Shenandoah, took a mortal hit. He succumbed next morning on the field of battle, July 22, 1861. A monument was erected on Henry Hill near the Visitors Center at the location of his mortal wound in Manassas Battlefield Park, Virginia.

Warrior he was. An unsung hero of the American War for Southern Independence. Not only did he bestow upon Stonewall his immortal nickname, but he also played a vital role in supporting Shanks Evans in



blunting the Yankee flanking attack. It was to be Evans' most effective performance of the entire war. So determined was Bee in rallying his overwhelmed brigade that he literally sacrificed himself to the cause of Southern Independence. General Beauregard said in his report of the battle: "The heroic Bee, with a soldier's eye and recognition of the situation...disposed his command with skill...very near where he subsequently fell mortally wounded, to the great misfortune of his country, but after deeds of deliberate and even memorable courage." ✪

Always a commander of troops, he rose to lieutenant colonel and battalion commander. He cared for his men. After the Utah expedition, he journeyed personally to Washington to make sure his troops were properly paid for their service.

A devoted Southerner, Bee resigned his commission in the Union Army March 3, 1861 to join the South Carolina troops. He soon transferred to J. E. Johnston's Army of the Shenandoah and took over the 3rd Brigade. He was appointed a Brigadier General in June of 1861, the same month as Thomas J. Jackson. The confirmation came posthumously in August 1861.

Following is an unsigned letter by a battlefield eyewitness in the First Battle of Manassas:

Bee was taken from the spot where he laid wounded on the battlefield, which was about 100 yards to the left of Rickets Battery, by D. M Russell, Richard Lewis, W. B. Dickson, W. P. Harris and three other members of the 4th Reg. thought to be of the Palmetto Riflemen. We carried him on a blanket some distance up the road to the Henry House where he seemed to be exhausted and here laid he down on the side of the road. While he was lying there we saw a cloud of dust and heard cheering some distance off when Pres. Davis with six or seven members of his staff rode up having just arrived from Richmond this being about four o'clock in the evening. Pres. Davis recognized Gen. Bee and dismounted. He saw that Gen. Bee's wound was serious and probably mortal. Pres. Davis took Gen. Bee by the hand and said— "Gen. I sincerely sympathize with you and trust that your life may yet be spared to your country." Pres. Davis expressed great sorrow and emotion while speaking. Finally Gen. (sic) Davis remounted and rode on with his staff towards Henry House.

Shortly after Pres. Davis rode off a carriage came by into which we helped Gen. Bee and he was driven to the hospital where he died the following morning.

Barnard Elliott Bee was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, the citadel of his birth, on a special train. Church bells tolled, flags flew at half-mast, stores closed, Beethoven's "Dead March" dirged, and close to 5,000 people viewed his body as it lay in state. His epitaph reads:

If thou a noble soldier art
That passeth by his grave, man
There moulders here a gallant heart
For this was a brave man.

✪

Jack Morgan Hicks lives in Linden, Virginia.

Donald Davidson Revisited:

Some Notes from a Third Generation Southern Agrarian

By H. Lee Cheek, Jr.

"Never fear: We shall be remembered when our snipers are forgotten."

— letter to Donald Davidson from Allen Tate, December 1942.

Mel Bradford has argued that no individual has exerted more influence upon the development of a profession of letters this century in the South than Donald Davidson. The poet, essayist, and social critic is well known to most literary scholars and historians of the South; however, Davidson's critique of the Southern experience remains largely unappreciated.

Several years ago the author of this essay had the opportunity to spend a weekend with Andrew Lytle, one of the original Nashville Agrarians and a contributor to *I'll Take My Stand,* at his home in Monteagle, Tennessee. In the course of our conversation, Lytle was asked to describe how one might better understand Donald Davidson. Mr. Lytle replied he too had often pondered this question and that he had come to a plausible conclusion concerning that dilemma a half century earlier while examining a family portrait of the Davidson clan. As Lytle describes the picture, all the Davidson family members were standing erect and without smiles; the stalwart Davidsons were, in essence, puritans of an older order. Donald Davidson's life exemplified a puritanical approach to most matters; Allen Tate once criticized his close friend Davidson for possessing a *"dense barrier"* between himself and his friends and that he had a private life *"his friends could not penetrate."* However, it is Davidson's prudent life and his concern for transmitting his Southern heritage that are remembered as his greatest achievements. Donald Davidson was part of a generation of Southerners who, while not personally experiencing the Civil War or Reconstruction, nevertheless, had among them a large number of the participants in these events. This generation of Southerners saw themselves as part of a "folk chain" (to borrow from Burke) of which they were only a link, and as part of the chain, it was their duty to protect the structure. It is this devotion to preserving and transmitting the Southern experience, an attitude attached to Davidson's youthful experiences, that dominated much of his scholarly effort.

Davidson was a product of frontiersman stock; his great-great-grandfather had been one of the early settlers of Bedford County, Tennessee. His father, a learned school master, encouraged the young Davidson to pursue the scholarly life. Louise Cowan, the foremost historian of the Fugitive Group, describes the environment in the Davidson household:

There was a good library in the Davidson home; the boy pored over Plutarch's Lives, *Shakespeare's works, Ramsey's* Annals of Tennessee, *and the ninth edition of* Encyclopedia Britannica. *By the time he enrolled in Branham and Hughes (a prep school) in 1905, he had already grown familiar with the world existing behind the printed page.*

The impact of Davidson's upbringing, combined with his education at Vanderbilt University, prescribed much of the direction for his life's work.

Donald Davidson saw the modern dilemma as basically a thorough division between those who believe in tradition and those who seek to limit the importance of tradition as it relates to social and political life. His most famous

poetic works, *The Tall Men* and *Lee in the Mountains,* are biographic accounts of the lives of great Southern men. The overriding tenet of his two volume history of the Tennessee River is the importance of the folk experience to the river people and how it was being destroyed by the decadent industrialism of the 1930s.

Of the twelve Southerners who contrived to produce *I'll Take My Stand,* one of the most poignant statements of American agrarian sentiment, Davidson was the sternest. He argued that the South was part of a continuum of Western civilization; however, he never presented his readers with a precise description of the patrimony. His approach to the reversing of what he saw as the slide into an historical gnosticism of sorts was a reassembling of the older folk tradition. Davidson the poet believed poetic enterprise was one of the most significant elements of a civilization's success; conversely, the rejection of poetry was a sign that the civilization was "preparing for its own doom." The most penetrative poetic effort, according to this view, was the epic. Davidson came to believe that the South, the last remnant of the epic narrative, would soon be like the rest of the country.

In addition to Davidson's poetic critique, his writings on the subject of regionalism provide the reader with another important perspective in understanding his worldview. At heart, Davidson was an unreconstructed Southerner in the sense that he believed the United States possessed important regional differences. The regionalism of Donald Davidson differed in a number of important aspects from the definition of regionalism presented by Rupert Vance or Howard Odum; Davidson's regionalism was based on culture, not geographic or ecological concerns. Also, he was of the opinion that students of regionalism frequently committed a most grievous error by over-

The South is unique in this continent for having founded and defended a culture which was according to European principles of culture; and the European principle had better look to the South if they are to be perpetuated in this country.

generalizing the salient aspects of regions, while refusing to note intra-regional differentiations. Davidson believed the American South was culturally diverse and to study the "culture of the South" was to study "many cultures within one."

Donald Davidson passed away over two decades ago; however, his efforts and criticisms continue to deserve much attention—the *Gleichgesichtern* or the levelers are marching on—full speed ahead! Since his death in 1968, the South has become more decadent in its disregard for the past; we have, as Joad reminded us, "lost the object." The situation after the Civil War found a South feeling as if it were in spirit and actuality a separate nation. Of course, matters have changed, but we are still as Richard Weaver pointed out–a section unified by a different religious allegiance and a different way of life and a different worldview. Being a Southerner is a spiritual condition; as Davidson reminded us it "...is not altogether different from being a Catholic, or a Jew; and members of the group can recognize one another by the signs which are eloquent to them though too small to be noticed by others."

To be frank, the South has has nearly lost its identity. Southerners lack today an intensely self-conscious intellectual and literary community such as the Fugitive Group and that most important of roles, the man of letters. The office has proved uncongenial to modern Southerners. It is difficult to determine when a Southern literary imagination began to develop or when it began to move towards an idea of the South as a redemptive community, but one would have to place this before the American Revolution. Our tradition of the man of letters as a cultural spokesman certainly must have come from our European heritage. Davidson's teacher and colleague John Crowe Ransom elucidated this idea in his contribution to *I'll Take My Stand*:

The South is unique in this continent for having founded and defended a culture which was according to European principles of culture; and the European principles had better look to the South if they

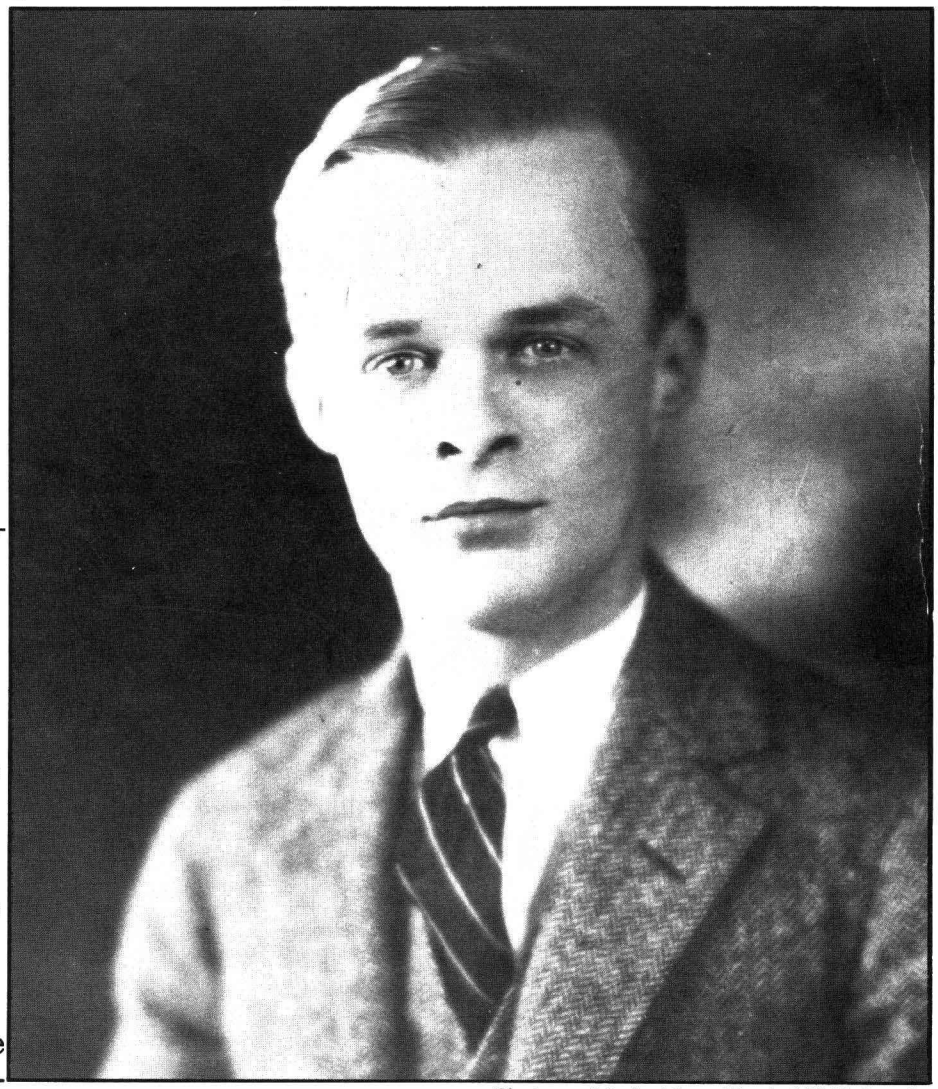
are to be perpetuated in this country.

Davidson's answer to the question of how our part of the world has produced such a great literature is even more accurate today. It is still hinged upon Vergil's deliberate contrast of the "Happy Man" (felix) and the "Blessed Man" (fortunatus). We have become increasingly under the influence of scientific expertism. Before George Bush dare send a message to Congress, he must consult scientific experts. Who have this community of experts accepted to be the great Southern writers? Faulkner and Caldwell. They have made icons of these writers because they help them prove their warped sociological analysis. As Davidson frequently asserted:

...the way to produce a John Crowe Ransom, an Allen Tate, a Robert Penn Warren, a Julia Peterkin, a Stark Young, a Eudora Welty, a Thomas Wolfe, a Jesse Stuart, a Elizabeth Roberts, is to have them born and grow up in a backward Southern community that loves everything Massachusetts condemns and lacks nearly everything Massachusetts deems admirable and necessary.

The tradition, I am proud to say, continues with Fred Chappell, Marion Montgomery and Alan Fredricksen—although not with the same intensity. We have chosen the life of the happy man; a life of pursuing knowledge with all abandonment. We have forgotten the "Blessed Man," a life that rests on traditional religion. In Allen Tate's famous poem, "Ode to the Confederate Dead," it is "knowledge carried to the heart." This is the type of knowledge we Southerners have faithfully cultivated throughout our history.

Devotion to this type of wisdom is the dominant characteristic of Southern society. Because of this tradition we continue to possess the most important element for the survival of our culture: hope. The tradition Davidson helped to foster continues with a remnant, but a solid remnant. The battle the South faces today is much larger than agrarianism; the American South of the 1990s is much more complex and less unique than the South of the 1920s. Nevertheless, the works of Donald Davidson provide a basis for a counter-revolution against the forces of nihilism rampant throughout our region. ✪



Photographic Archives, Vanderbilt University

***A youthful Donald Davidson at the time of the writing of his essay in* I'll Take My Stand.**

H. Lee Cheek, Jr., is the editor of* Humanitas, *published by the National Humanities Institute, and a doctoral student in political theory at The Catholic University of America.

By William F. Freehoff

THE SCOURGE OF THE VALLEY

Southerners, real Southerners with long memories, like the unreconstructed old rebel soldier on the "Forget, Hell!" license plate, remember with extreme distaste three Union generals in particular—Sherman, of course, who left death and destruction in the wake of his March Through Georgia; Lincoln's political hack in uniform, "Beast" Butler, who insulted the ladies of New Orleans with his General Orders No. 28; and David Hunter, the scourge of the Shen-andoah Valley.

Hunter, son of a Virginia-born U.S. Navy chaplain, was regarded by Confederate authorities as an unregenerate rogue, to be hanged on the spot if captured.

What brought on the wrath of official Richmond was Hunter's actions when he was commanding general of the Union Department of the South, a command that embraced the sovereign Southern states of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina.

First, Major General Hunter issued an order freeing the slaves in those three states, an action soon voided by the Great Emancipator in Washington. Hunter, it seems, had jumped the gun on that sensitive issue.

Second, Hunter raised a regiment of slaves in South Carolina, the "First South Carolina."

But what has made Hunter so demonic a figure in Southern lore is his campaign of pillage and destruction in the Shenandoah Valley.

In 1864, Hunter burned the

Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, burned the private residence of Virginia Governor John Letcher, burned the stately old home of a Confederate colonel in Buchanan, Virginia; and generally ravaged the area.

Hunter's action in burning VMI was an act of sheer revenge. That same year, VMI cadets had helped defeat a Union force at New Market, Virginia.

When Hunter burned the Institute, only the superintendent's quarters were spared and that only because of the illness of Superintendent Francis Smith's daughters.

Wrecked was the VMI library. In all, some 10,000 books were stolen or destoyed. Priceless documents were consigned to the flames.

Wrecked also were lab equipment and obscenities were scrawled on the smouldering walls of the Institute. Having destroyed VMI, Hunter was now ready to torch the adjacent campus of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University). Only the vigorous opposition of Captain William McKinley saved the college from the same fate that had befallen VMI.

When Hunter's vandals burned the home of Governor Letcher, they refused to allow Mrs. Letcher to remove any of her belongings and one of Hunter's officers insulted this lady and her daughters.

One treasure the Yankee marauders failed to find in Lexington was the carefully concealed family silver of General Robert E. Lee. The silver had been buried by an old sergeant at VMI, and was recovered much later by one of Lee's sons.

Property was not all that Hunter's men destroyed. They hanged a Virginia gentleman who had killed a Union soldier who had insulted this man's wife and daughters.

In the Southwest Virginia town of Buchanan, Hunter put the torch to the stately old home of elderly Colonel John T. Anderson.

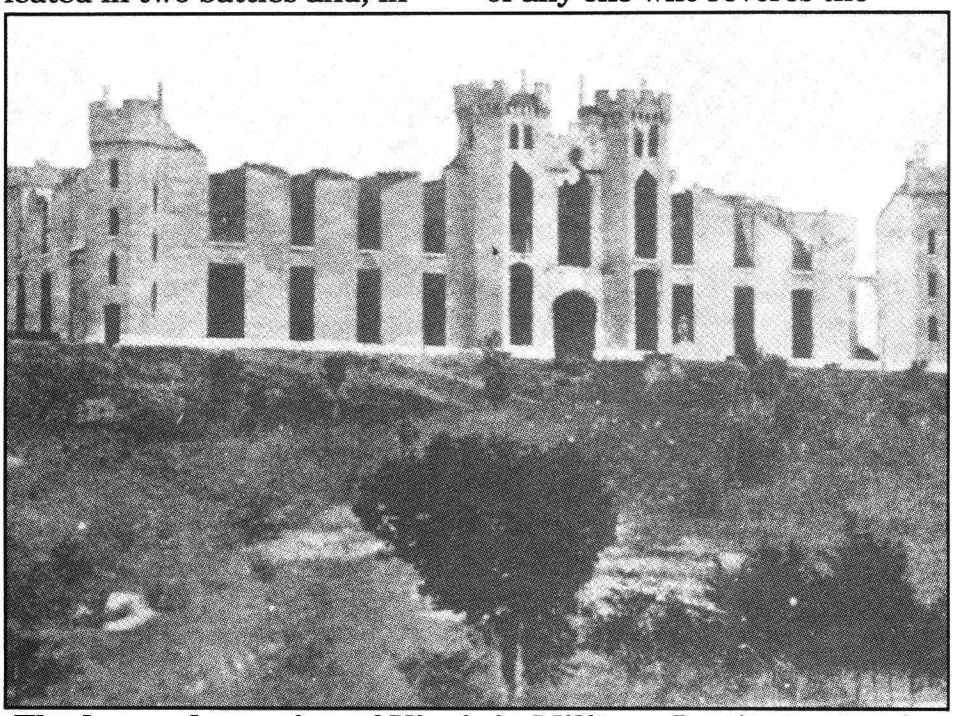
Hunter's actions were in direct defiance of at least two orders. Lincoln, in 1861, said that Union troops should "...avoid any devastation, any destruction of, or interference with property."

Later, Union War Secretary Edwin Stanton issued an order that said, "...while property may be destroyed for proper military objects, none shall be destroyed in wantonness or malice."

Perhaps General Hunter recalled the words of the old Ro-

man General Marius who wrote, "When the fighting begins, the law keeps silent."

At any rate, far from being punished for his outrages in Virginia, Hunter was handpicked by Stanton for court-martial duty. For one thing, it was a way to get him out of the field. Hunter had been defeated in two battles and, in



The burned remains of Virginia Military Institute stand as stark testimony to the Federal order of "avoiding devastation, destruction or interference of property".

Virginia, had left the way open for a Confederate attack on the very outskirts of Washington City.

He was not, as one source has it, "...among the more adept Union military officers."

For another thing, Stanton knew that Hunter could be counted on to see that the courts-martial over which he presided would come up with the "correct" verdict–guilty.

Thus, Hunter's court-martial board easily found Union Major General Fitz John Porter guilty of battlefield incompetence or worse at Second Manassas and cashiered him, despite extenuating circumstances. Years later, Porter was reinstated with honor.

But it was as the presiding officer of the military tribunal that tried persons accused of conspiracy in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln that Hunter earned the contempt of any one who reveres the constitutional protections these defendants were denied.

One of those convicted was Mrs. Mary Surratt, the first woman to be hanged in U.S. history. As it turned out, she was innocent of the charges against her.

But Hunter's kangaroo court gave Stanton what he wanted, a guilty verdict.

During that trial, Henry Kyd Douglas, who had ridden with Stonewall Jackson, was in Washington.

As he wrote in his memoirs, *"There was General David Hunter in the congenial occupation of presiding over a Court of Death with evident pride and satisfaction."*

Born at the Navy Yard in Washington, David Hunter was graduated from West Point in 1822. But, like most of his classmates, he left the Army after a few years and went into business. He came back for the War with Mexico and served as a paymaster with no particular military distinction.

In The War Between The States, Hunter's commands were defeated at First Manassas and again in a futile attempt to seize Charleston, South Carolina.

Despite his ineptness as a soldier, Hunter managed to remain in the good graces of those in power in Washington.

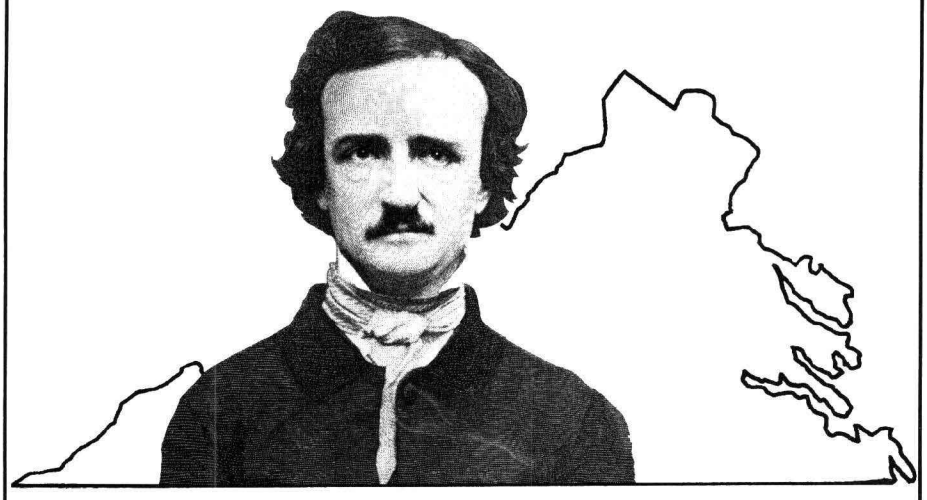
Hunter had accompanied President-elect Lincoln on his train ride from Illinois to Washington. (Ironically, four years later, he was to accompany Lincoln's funeral train on a return trip to Illinois.)

Stanton had used Hunter, on occasion, to spy on General Grant, to see if he was staying sober.

In 1866, David Hunter retired from the Army and died shortly after that in Washington. It was put out that he died of a heart attack, but others said he blew his brains out. ✪

Bill Freehoff of Kingsport, Tennessee is the author of our Southern Sampler column and is constantly in search of examples of yankee War Justice.

EDGAR POE



# of VIRGINIA

Library of Congress

The opinion has been often stated that Edgar Allan Poe was bizarre and amoral; that he was a lover of morbid beauty only; that he was unrelated to worldly circumstances–aloof from the affairs of the world; that his epitaph might well be: "Out of *space*–out of *time*."

But it is dangerous to attempt to separate any historical figure from his setting. No individual can ever be understood fully until the subtle influences of his formal education, his reading, his associates, and his time and country (with his heredity) are traced and synthesized.

Too much has been said, perhaps, about Poe's "detachment" from his environment and too little about his background—his heritage from Europe and the influences of his early life in Virginia.

Elizabeth Arnold, Poe's mother, was born in England in 1787 and was brought to this country when she was a girl of nine. "In speaking of my mother," Poe wrote years later to Beverley Tucker of Virginia, "you have touched a string to which my heart fully responds." Judging from his spirited defense of Elizabeth Poe, it appears that Poe never became unmindful of his immediate English origins on the maternal side.

Poe's ancestry on his father's side was Scotch-Irish and has been traced through County Cavon to Ayrshire, Scotland. The fact that Poe's Presbyterian Scottish ancestors dwelled for a time in the north of Ireland has caused even so good a scholar as Arthur Hobson Quinn to engage in surprising speculation about an "Irish strain" in Poe and about a "Celtic" trait of perverseness which he had "discovered" in the Poe family.

There are questions as to how much of the pre-Teutonic Celtic stock survives in the Scottish lowlands, questions about the extent of Anglo-Saxon and Danish incursions there. And so Professor Quinn's theory about an "Irish" perverseness is truly an idea fetched from afar. In evaluating Poe's ethnic heritage it is enough to say that his forbears were English and Scottish and, quite likely, predominantly Anglo-Saxon, the strain which, as Poe himself wrote, animated the American heart.

Poe, unlike other great American writers of his time, spent a considerable portion of his childhood in Britain. In 1815, John Allan set out for England, accompanied by his wife, Frances Allan; his sister-in-law, "Aunt Nancy" Valentine; and his six-year-old foster son, Edgar Poe. For a time Edgar attended the small London school of Miss Dubourg (a name which subsequently was to appear in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue") and later, for a period of three years from 1817 to 1820, was sent to a better school, the Manor House at Stoke Newington near London. Here Poe, in addition to being affected profoundly by the atmosphere of England, studied French, Latin, history and literature. The Manor House School, with its "Dr." Bransby, Poe later was to transplant bodily to the semi-autobiographical tale "William Wilson" (1840).

Poe saw a good deal of Scotland, too, on first arriving in Britain and may have attended school in Irvine for a time. It would be difficult to estimate the impact of these formative years in Britain upon the youthful Poe.

Poe's foster father, John Allan, was himself born and bred in Irvine, Ayrshire, and was a member of the class of English and Scottish mer-

chants of Richmond, Virginia–to which city he had emigrated as a youth around 1795. Scottish merchants represented a very considerable element in the commercial life of Richmond in those years, and many of them, to a considerable extent, maintained themselves aloof from the life of the city. The Scottish influences of Allan and his associates and friends could not have been lost upon Poe.

The Richmond which Poe knew was (more than Philadelphia or New York) aristocratic and English. Virginia society, Poe himself noted, had been as "absolutely aristocratical as any in Europe." This is not to imply the existence of any chasmal gulf separating the American and British minds, respectively, in the first half of the nineteenth century; but it was in Virginia, probably, that the least divergence was to be discerned.

"I am a Virginian," declared Poe; and "the distinguishing features of Virginian character at present–features of a marked nature–not elsewhere to be met with in America–and evidently akin to that chivalry which denoted the Cavalier–can be in no manner so well accounted for as by considering them the *debris* of a devoted loyalty."

Poe's Virginia background may or may not have rendered him typically American, but it seems reasonable to think that it fostered in him a Virginian Anglo-American attitude as opposed to an Anglophobic Americanism so common at that time in New England.

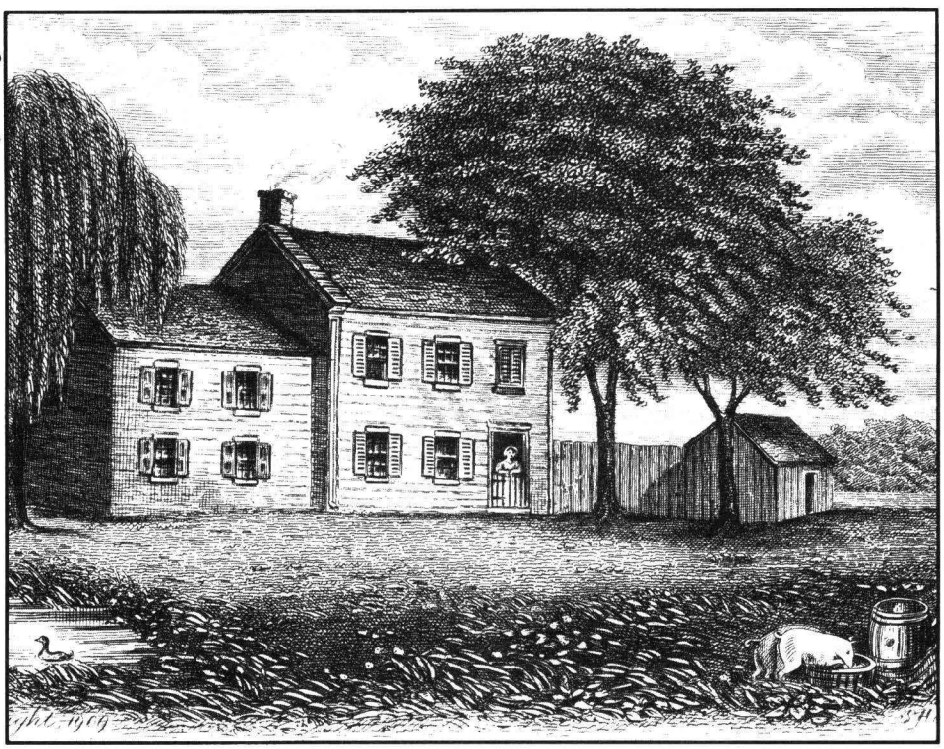
When Poe was just seventeen, his name was entered in the matriculation books of the new University of Virginia. This period of ten months, between St. Valentine's Day and Christmas, 1826, which Poe spent at the University, marks the end of his formative youth. The general direction which his genius was to follow had been fairly established.

It may be that Poe was embittered by his forced withdrawal from the University. During his life he never returned there, and, though there are oblique references to Charlottesville in "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains" and in *The Journal of Julius Rodman*, no other allusions to the University are to be found in his written work.

The concern of the Founder to advance republican ideals and republican politics among the students of the University was not notably effectual with one student at least: Poe was not receptive to Jeffersonian liberalism. But many of the impressions which Poe received at Charlottesville, both within and without the lecture rooms, must have remained with him. The young admirer of classic grandeur, we know, was impressed by the graceful Rotunda. About Poe at Virginia, Philip Alexander Bruce writes as follows:

...Profound must have been the appeal to his subtle aesthetic sense even in youth as he looked at all those classic buildings on some night when the rays of a full moon had softened and blended the separate details of roof and entablature, cornice, and pillar. It may well have been that, at such an hour and in such a spot, the most celebrated expression in the entire body of his writings was suggested to him by so extraordinary an interfusion of Nature's beauty with the beauty of art in one of its loveliest forms.

Though fully a third of Poe's

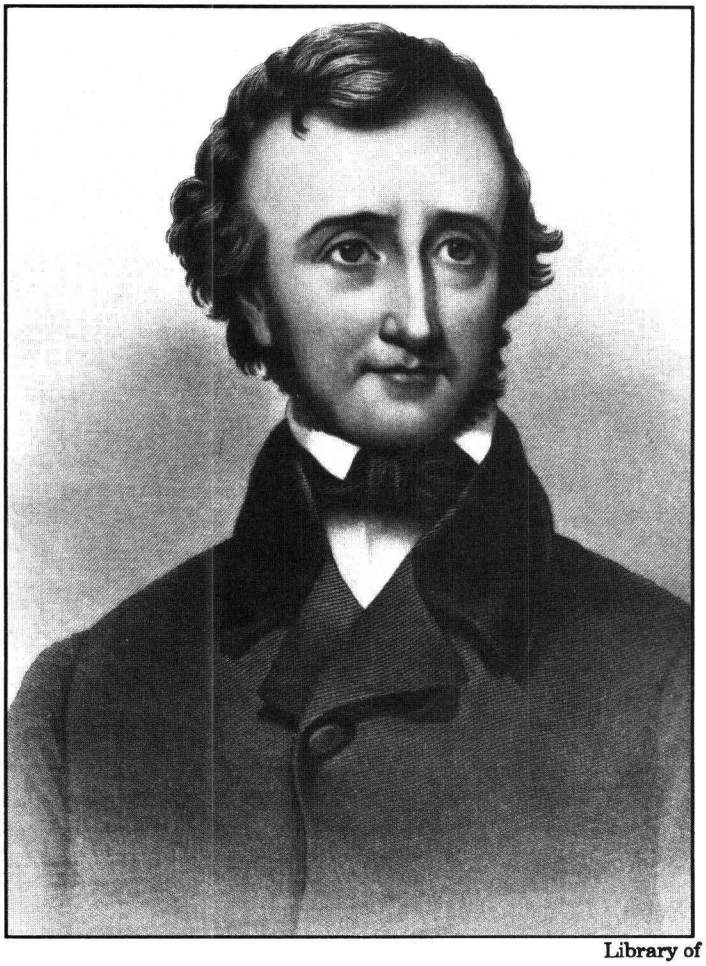


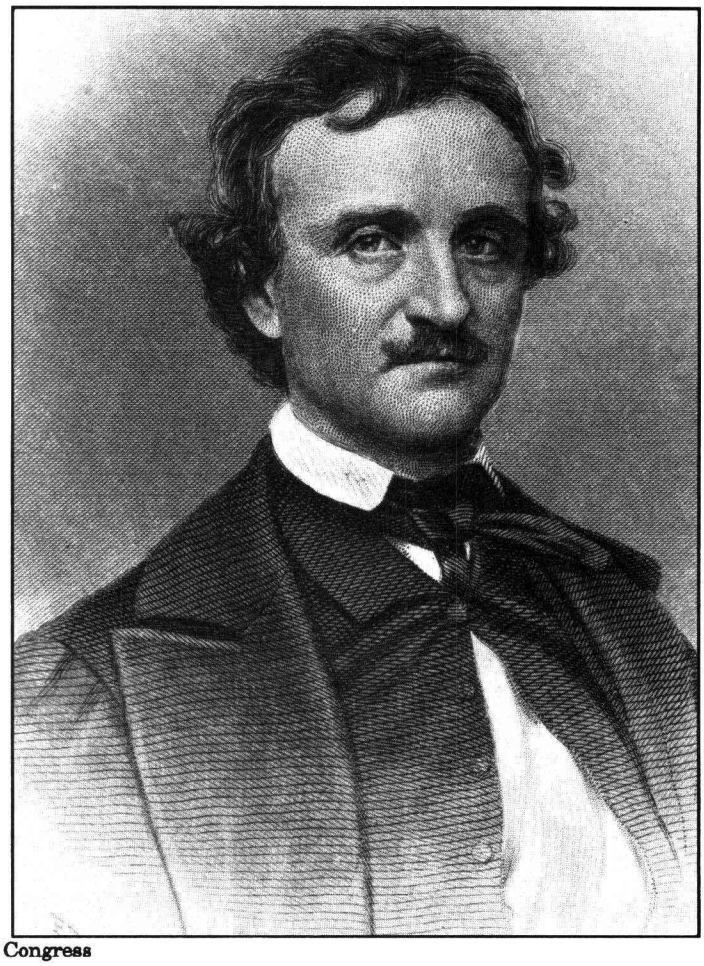
Library of Congress

The house in which Poe wrote "The Raven."

critical reviews deal with American authors, almost two-thirds of the reviews treat British or European books. Only about half of Poe's tales have reference to contemporary matters, and only a small number of these reflect the American scene. Three times as many of the tales have designated European settings as have American settings.

The success of Poe in translation indicates his possession of a universal point of view. The recognition which he has received in France, Russia, Italy, Germany, Spain and Britain has no parallel among other American writers. Poe has become a world-author, and this fact depends very largely upon the universality of his appeal. "Poe is my spiritual and literary father," asserted the Spaniard Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Baudelaire prayed to Poe as a literary saint. The Germans regard him as the foremost American writer. The Russians began translating him in the 1830s even before he was known in America.





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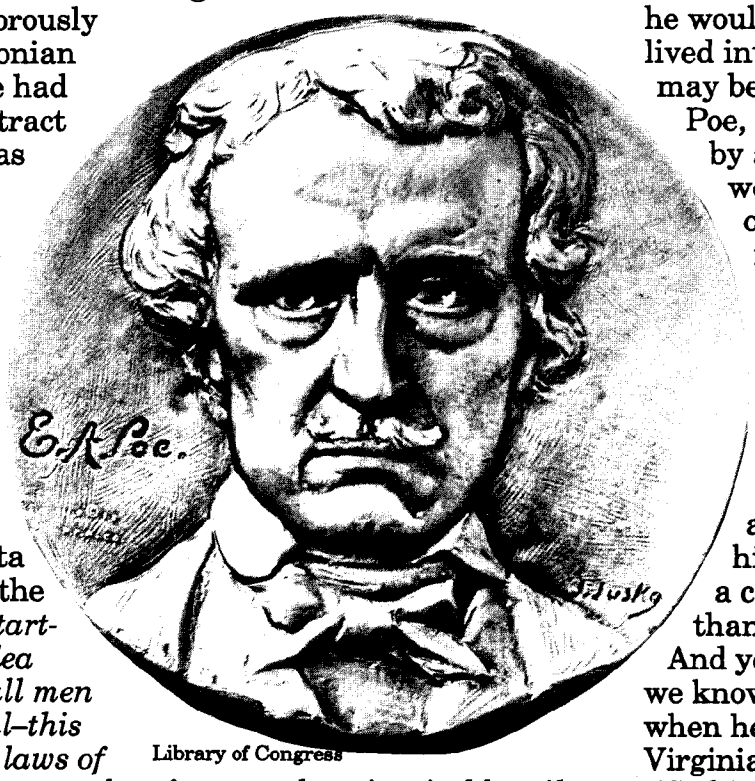
Poe's first great champion and biographer was the Englishman Ingram. So strong was Poe's affinity with the life of Europe that legend has carried him there in spite of reality, and it is with some ineffectuality that his biographers explain that he at no time visited Ireland, Greece, France or Russia.

As a critic, Poe often expressed national sentiments. He urged Americans to build their own literature, to avoid a blind adulation of, or slavish imitation of, Europeans simply because they were Europeans. But at the same time, Poe warned against literary chauvanism, which tended to overpraise every dull American writer simply because he happened to be American. Poe's detached and objective attitude could become, and often did become, highly critical of American society and American ideals. In discussing American taste, he wrote:

"We have no aristocracy of blood, and having therefore as a natural, and indeed as an inevitable thing, fashioned for ourselves an aristocracy of dollars, the display of wealth *has here to take the place and perform the office of the heraldic display in monarchical*

countries. By a transition readily understood, and which might have been as readily foreseen, we have been brought to merge in simple show *our notions of taste itself."*

All this, Poe added, is an "evil growing out of our republican institutions." In "Some Words with a Mummy," in "Mellonta Tauta" and in other tales, Poe vigorously denounced the Jeffersonian ideal of democracy. He had no sympathy with abstract political notions such as those which, after Locke, had produced liberal republican theory in America and elsewhere. Though lacking the scope and political understanding of Burke, Poe was, like Burke, highly suspicious of the "well-constructed Republic." In "Mellonta Tauta," we learn that the "ancient Amriccans" *started with the queerest idea conceivable, viz; that all men are born free and equal–this in the very teeth of the laws of* gradation *so visibly impressed upon all things both in the moral and physical universe. Every man "voted," as they called it–that is to say, meddled with public affairs–until, at length, it was discovered that what is everybody's business is nobody's, and that the "Republic" (as the absurd thing was called) was without a government at all. It is related, however, that the first circumstance which disturbed, very particularly, the self-complacency of the philosophers who constructed this "Republic," was the startling discovery that universal suffrage gave opportunity for fraudulent schemes....A little reflection upon this discovery sufficed to render evident the consequences, which were that rascality* must *predominate—in a word, that a republican government* could *never be anything but a rascally one. While the philosophers, however, were busied in blushing at their stupidity in not having*



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foreseen these inevitable evils, and intent upon the invention of new theories, the matter was put to an abrupt issue by a fellow of the name of Mob, *who took everything into his own hands and set up a despotism....As for republicanism, no analogy could be found for it upon the face of the earth–unless we except the case of the "prairie dogs," an exception which seems to demonstrate, if anything, that democracy is a very admirable form of government–for dogs.*

In a review of 1836 Poe referred to the "bigoted lover of abstract Democracy" and appealed to Americans to divert their minds "from that perpetual and unhealthy excitement about the forms and machinery" of government to a greater care of the results of government–"the happiness of a people."

Indeed, Poe seems much more the Southerner than the Yankee American, and it is not hard to guess which path he would have chosen had he lived into the 1860's. One may be very sure that Edgar Poe, though born, almost by accident, in Boston, would have proved one of the Confederacy's most eloquent and committed partisans.

In reviewing the various factors which we may believe shaped Poe's youthful mind, we would expect to find in Poe, and in re-examining his opinions we do find, a cosmopolitan rather than a parochial outlook. And yet, at the same time, we know Poe was serious when he proclaimed, "I am a Virginian!" We may be justified in looking upon the general influences of his formative years as contributing factors in the development of strong inclinations to Europe, Britain and the American South, rather than to the American Union. ✪

Robert E. Merry is the former managing editor of the **Tacoma (Washington) News-Tribune.** ***He is a native of Tacoma and holds degrees from Cornell University and the University of Virginia.***

SHORT STORIES & TALL TALES

On Killing A Skunk

By Carl C. Curtis

The term "skunk" is not, for obvious reasons, the most complimentary in our language except to a real-live skunk, who, I imagine, doesn't care one way or another what we call it. Yet the idea of meeting a skunk is not apt to distress us, simply because the possibility is so remote. And, anyhow, our collective imagination has become jaded by TV and movies. The skunks most familiar to us—the Flower of *Bambi* fame and Pepe le Peu—are cute and witty, the sort of critters we might like to have as children or meet at cocktail parties. So even if our imagination is vivid enough to conjure up the prospect of a meeting with a real-live skunk, we might just as easily picture ourselves shaking his hand as running away.

Such was the state I was in—and had been in for years—not long ago when what I long had ceased to dread happened: I met a skunk.

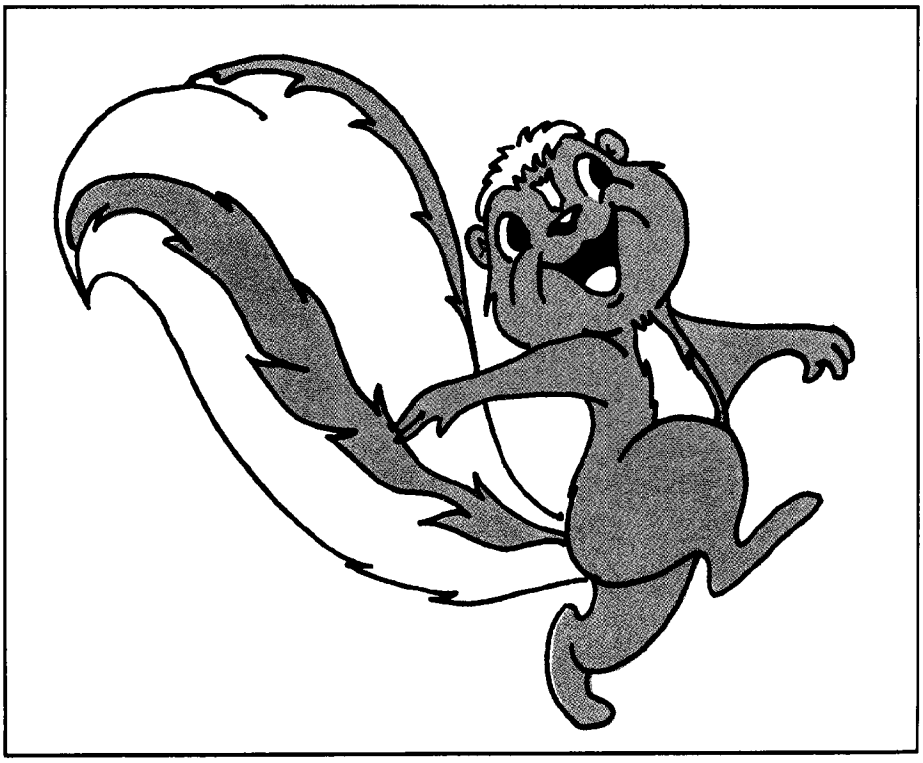
I was visiting the ranch of my parents-in-law in East Texas when the event occurred. In East Texas skunks (real ones, I mean) are plentiful, and I have known as much all of my life. But I had never met one. Early one afternoon I stepped out back for a breath of fresh air, when out from under the back porch sauntered a skunk. What he was doing there is a mystery. Maybe he was rabid. (As my father-in-law told me later, a skunk that comes up to a house probably has rabies.) Perhaps he had taken shelter from the cold snap the night before. Whatever the reason, he picked that afternoon to reveal himself.

This skunk seemed in no hurry to get where he was going. Evidently, he had not noticed me, for he made no movement toward or away from me, but took his time nosing the ground around the edge of the house. He slowly began to work his way toward the flower beds at the front of the house.

Not wanting to miss a chance to see a skunk up close, I dashed through the house to the front porch, dragging my wife with me, to get a better look. The skunk was still there, and he seemed to be taking special interest in the vents on the side of the house. My wife feigned lack of interest and retreated inside the safer confines of the living room. But I watched on, fascinated.

The skunk, alternately absorbed in the vents and the flower beds, moved around the perimeter of the house and passed in front of the porch where I was standing. He didn't look at me once, but steered a course for the beds under the kitchen windows.

It occurred to me about this time that I was witnessing what might be a one-time event for me, and I had better do something about it. I went back into the house and grabbed my camera. Then I ran for the side door—the direction in which I had last seen the skunk headed. But when I, camera poised for a



shot, peered around the corner to find the skunk, he was out of sight. I looked right, then left. No skunk. Disappointed, I walked out into the front yard, hoping I would spot him in the field across the road. As I turned toward the house to go in the front door, I saw him, bold as could be, nosing around the porch. With my camera cocked and ready, I moved slowly toward him, focusing as I went. I had to get in range for a good picture. Soon, foolhardy though it seems now, I was seven feet away. Miraculously, he had not yet noticed me, and I managed to reel off two shots before he did.

Domestic animals when confronted by a stranger generally will prove skittish. Wild animals, especially small ones (rabbits, for instance), will almost invariably run. This skunk ran all right—after me. For a second I was perplexed. He did not move rapidly; his gait was slow, more of a lope. Most of us habitually conclude that when an animal moves determinedly toward a human and shows no signs of ferocity, no growls or hisses, he usually means no harm. But this was a skunk. The closer he got, the surer I was I had to clear out, which I did, running much faster than the skunk's leisurely pace warranted. Soon I was safe inside, watching from the small window in the door.

What I saw astonished me almost as much as the skunk's giving chase. It was the skunk coming up the steps of the porch, not exactly hot on my heels but still in pursuit. He came right up to the entrance. I could feel the goose-pimples rise on my arm as I heard him scratch on the door. Pepe le Peu at least would have knocked. He then rummaged around the porch, looking for who knows what.

With the door safely between the skunk and myself, I ran to tell my wife about my great escape. She was, you may have guessed, surprised and felt as I did that the skunk must be rabid. Believe me, it's sobering to think that a rabid animal of any kind is outside one's door. Nonetheless I rather cautiously went outside to see if he had left. I walked all around the house and even (at a safe distance) looked under the back porch. After a few minutes I gave up the search and returned inside.

My curiosity, however, had not left me. Where had the skunk gone? I kept looking out the kitchen window for any trace of him. It may have been a half an hour later that I saw him waddling across the tar road that ran in front of the house. He was heading for open territory—in this instance the field across from my parents-in-law's home. There were no means at my disposal to stop him from doing so, and anyhow I had little inclination to try.

Just the same I felt compelled to watch him as long as possible. Out in the front yard I went once again. No sooner had I gotten there than a man drove by in a truck. Because of the way he slammed on his brakes, I knew he had seen the skunk. Like most country-bred and country-dwelling men he carried a rifle rack mounted behind the seat of his pickup, and it wasn't empty. In a wink he was out of the truck firing at the skunk with his .22 short. For a second I think I was surprised. To think that anybody, city-or country-bred, would take pot-shots at Flower or Pepe le Peu—it was unthinkable. Cool reason and common-sense soon prevailed. This was a skunk and probably a rabid one at that, a danger to men and farm animals. Somebody had to kill him.

That somebody happened to be the man with the .22. His name was Ned Harrington, about seventy years old and, like most country folk I have met, friendly and good-natured. But he was not having much success killing the skunk. He fired once, twice, soon a dozen times. He seemed to be hitting everything in a fifty-yard radius except the skunk. I almost persuaded myself that there was something magical about this polecat, something immortal. He was like the starship *Enterprise* with its shields up. And in keeping with all I had seen, he was bold. After retreating from the first few shots, he turned around and marched toward Ned Har-

rington. Ned kept firing, and the skunk kept coming.

It wasn't too long before Ned was out of bullets. He came back to his truck to reload and chat. The talk was mainly about skunks, those that had caused him trouble and those he had killed. He couldn't understand why he had missed the skunk so many times. Then, as he reloaded his gun, he noticed that he had failed to flip up his sight. With that operation performed, the skunk's fate was sealed. If we could catch him.

By the time Ned was ready for action, the skunk had put some distance, maybe thirty yards, between himself and us. His first destination was three long rows of pipes that the county had stacked for use in revamping the water system. Beyond that was a barbed wire fence, the boundary of another field with plenty of brush where he might hide. He made it to the pipes before Ned or I could get near him. I stood at the end of the rows looking for the skunk to appear, while Ned walked up and down individual rows with his gun ready. Yet the skunk was nowhere to be seen. Evidently, he had gone under a pile of pipes. Ned poked around from the row on one side of the pile, and I stood on the other side to see if the skunk would come out. It wasn't long before he did.

He now had ten or fifteen yards to go to the barbed wire fence. But he didn't stand a chance. I alerted Ned who fired, this time with his sight up. I knew from the way the skunk hunched that he was wounded. A second shot went home; the third finished him.

Ned walked away pretty pleased with himself. "I figure that one went from one end to the other," he said of the last shot. We talked a few minutes more about skunks and the nuisance they were, and then he left. How did I feel? In some ways I felt sorry for the skunk. Most of us think small, furry animals are cute as, indeed, they are. Moreover, most of us pull for an underdog in a fight. The skunk sure seemed like the underdog in that field. But, letting cold reason and common sense have their say once again, I'm not so sure the skunk was such an underdog as he might appear. In the first place, skunks are hardly defenseless. In the second, he was probably rabid, remarkably aggressive, and certainly needed killing. Ned Harrington was there to do the deed, and I played a small role in helping him do the skunk in. And there was another aspect to the event. I know that when the chase was on and my blood and Ned's sight were up, I more than half wished that I had the gun and Ned was doing the spotting. ✪

Carl Curtis is a regular* Southern Partisan *contributor and scholar residing in Tyler, Texas.

CRITICUS BOOKS

HUGO CHANGES COURSE

By Bryant Burroughs

A review of:
***Hugo L. Black and the Dilemma of American Liberalism* by Tony Freyer. (Little / Brown, 1990, 187 pages.)**

When Hugo Black graduated from the University of Alabama School of Law in 1906, the class yearbook predicted he might one day become a Supreme Court Justice, and described him as "one of those gentle souls that will use the devil himself with courtesy." In his 34 years on the Court, Black used the devil of liberalism with the intent of improving the lives of common folk, but in the end the devil lured the Court away from the Constitution that Black worshipped.

The son of a Confederate veteran who joined the Southern army at age 14, Black built his law practice in Birmingham by representing middle and lower-class individuals, not corporations or the wealthy. He joined the Birmingham Ku Klux Klan klavern in 1923, because membership was an unwritten requirement for election to statewide office in Alabama. The 17th Amendment to the Constitution, ratified in 1913, provided for popular election of United States senators, and Black's ambition aimed at Washington. When incumbent Oscar Underwood announced he would not seek re-election in 1926, Black seized the opportunity. He outworked every other candidate, wearing out two cars while campaigning in all 67 counties, and won the Democratic primary with 32% of the vote. Since election runoffs and the Republican Party did not exist in Alabama in 1926, Hugo Black became Alabama's junior Senator.

Following Franklin Roosevelt's election to the presidency, Black quickly became FDR's point man in the Senate, helping pass through Congress the New Deal legislation that the new president promised would provide economic relief to a clamoring nation. But one by one, key pieces of the New Deal laws were overturned by the Supreme Court, whose narrow majority considered such legislation to be unconstitutional government interference in economic and social affairs. Roosevelt railed against the "Nine Tired Old Men" on the Court and, supremely confident after his 1936 landslide re-election, submitted to Congress a bill to increase the number of Supreme Court Justices. But even as this ill-conceived "court-packing" bill was being defeated in Congress, fate intervened to hand Roosevelt his first opportunity to reshape the Court.

In May 1937 Justice Willis Van Devanter informed FDR of his intention to retire. Roosevelt nominated Hugo Black on August 12, the first nomination of a sitting Senator in half a century. The Senate confirmed its colleague in less than a week by a 63-16 vote, prompting former President Hoover to comment that the Supreme Court was now "one-ninth packed." Breaking from the tradition of holding the swearing-in ceremony at the beginning of the new Court term in October, Black insisted upon being sworn in immediately, after which the new Justice and his wife sailed for a vacation in Europe.

For Hugo Black, creating rights was as wrong as denying rights, for both substituted a judge's ideology for the clear words of the Constitution.

While he was abroad the controversy over his Klan membership erupted in the national press. Black hastily returned for an October 1 national radio address to save his Supreme Court seat. Thirty million Americans heard a Machiavellian explanation that he had resigned the KKK membership prior to his Senate election, and his Court appointment was saved.

Conservatives feared him as a radical, and many newspapers headlined his first day on the Court as "Black Monday." "He regards the sacred cows as ordinary heifers," Walter Hamilton described Black, and the American judicial traditions of *original intent* and *following precedent* were two such heifers. Black's special interest was the Bill of Rights, and he interpreted those ten amendments in a literal and absolutist manner.

Black subordinated the power of the state to individual liberty, even if it meant that criminals went free or schools were purged of religion.

Black' s appointment was the first step toward putting the Roosevelt mark on the Court. As the "Nine Tired Old Men" retired, additional appointments followed: seven in four years and a record nine in all. Previous decisions were reversed and the New Deal was saved, but more far-reaching, the conservative approach to economic and social issues that had characterized the Court since the Civil War evaporated as FDR appointees interpreted the Constitution through pince-nez spectacles. The Court that Alexander Hamilton had assured Americans would be "the least dangerous branch," began a generation-long revolution in which the First Amendment was interpreted to mean that children may not pray in school, the Second Amendment to mean gun control, and the Eighth Amendment to mean that no murderer may be executed. It was, Justice Felix Frankfurter said, " judicial legislation." The Supreme Court was seduced by that which Robert Bork has described as "the song of the tempters": the nearly irresistible temptation for judges to abandon their responsibility to ground judicial decisions in the Constitution, and to substitute instead their private moral and political values.

The results have been the intrusion of a leviathan government into the private affairs of citizens and a loss of familiar order, both of which have meant less liberty. As Andrew Lytle warned, to make equality of condition essential to liberty destroys liberty.

In his last years on the Court, Black realized that liberty was in danger from the excesses of pushing rights of free expression beyond proper limits. The students' activity was to Black *conduct*, not *speech*, and the First Amendment protects only *speech*.

When the Court used the Fourth Amendment to overturn the convictions of civil rights workers engaged in peaceful demonstrations, he accused the majority of abusing the Constitution "to hobble law enforcement in this country."

Finally, he dissented when Justice Douglas found within the "penumbral emanations" of the Bill of Rights a pervasive "right to privacy," a finding cited after Black's death as the basis for a woman's right to abortion. "I like my privacy as well as the next man," he wrote. "Unlike my brethren, I am simply unable to find a constitutional right to it." For Hugo Black, creating rights was as wrong as denying rights, for both substituted a judge's ideology for the clear words of the Constitution.

Hugo Black 1886-1971
United States Senator, Alabama 1927-1937
Associate Justice, United States Supreme Court, 1937-1971

Vilified as the Supreme Court's leading liberal when appointed in 1937, Hugo Black ended his monumental 34-year term by writing conservative dissents. Freyer's book, with an introduction by *Southern Partisan* contributor Forrest McDonald, is an excellent introduction to the life and thought of Mr. Justice Black. ✪

Bryant Burroughs is a freelance writer living in Tuscaloosa, Alabama whose interests are Southern politics and history.

CRITICUS BOOKS

THE SUMMONS OF MEMORY

By Clinton A. Brand

A review of:
Frank Lawrence Owsley: Historian of the Old South, A Memoir by Harriet Chappell Owsley
(Vanderbilt, 1990, 212 pages, $24.95. Paperback $14.95.)

The considerable accomplishments of Frank Lawrence Owsley are a matter of record. Together with such distinguished Southern historians as Walter Fleming, William E. Dodd, Thomas Perkins Abernethy, Francis Butler Simkins, David Donald, and E. Merton Coulter (to name only a few of that company), Owsley helped his region to reclaim her past, giving form and articulation to her memory. His principal writings, *State Rights in the Confederacy* (1925), *King Cotton Diplomacy* (1931), and *Plain Folk of the Old South* (1949), remain landmark studies. As one of the original Twelve, Owsley took his stand with his Nashville brethren, and his contribution to their symposium, "The Irrepressible Conflict," expressed the group's historical perspective in terms trenchant and direct. A lifelong spokesman for Agrarian principles, he was also a gifted and generous teacher, first at Vanderbilt, then at the University of Alabama; through his many doctoral students, he continues to exert an influence on the writing and teaching of Southern history, the ongoing enterprise of "remembering who we are."

These achievements, as I said, are a matter of record. But the record is incomplete without of a sense of the man himself and of the special world he occupied. Now Harriet Chappell Owsley's memoir gives us a portrait of the man by the woman who knew him best and a fascinating window on the South at the time of its intellectual and cultural reawakening. For reasons beyond the obvious, an author more appropriate than his wife could scarcely be imagined; for Harriet Owsley shared fully in her husband's career, becoming an accomplished research historian in her own right. After his death in 1956, while researching in England, she received her own Fulbright to complete the work they had begun together, and in 1969 she edited and wrote the introduction for his selected essays (*The South: Old and New Frontiers*).

Mrs. Owsley's book is a loving tribute to her husband, their marriage, and to the historian's vocation they shared together. Drawing extensively on his letters and writings, it is also a reasoned defense of Owsley's work and that of a generation of Southern scholars. But it is not, in the strict sense, an *apologia*, nor need it be, for its chief interests are documentary and anecdotal, and as such the book shows forth and demonstrates what Owsley and what each of the Agrarian fellowship took to be their common *raison d'etre*: That the life lived close and submitted to the claims of land, family, and a remembered history, that such a life shared within a circle of friendship offers the fullest available life for the individual, invests the future with the integrity of the past, and undergirds the very possibility of a humane social order. As the Twelve themselves put it, in their statement of principles prefacing *I'll Take My Stand*, the amenities of civilized life "consist in such practices as manners, conversation, hospitality, sympathy, family life, romantic love—in the social exchanges which reveal and develop sensibility in human affairs." These, the statement continues, "are founded on right relations of man-to-man," and these, to particular effect, were all exemplified in the life and career of Frank Owsley.

The academic life, allegedly contemplative, is more often than not one of frenetic activity—an endless round of classes, exams, tutorials, and faculty meetings—and Professor Owsley's was busier than most; through it all he maintained a distinctive civility and was always generous with his time. A tireless worker, Owsley displayed the full measure of dedication to his profession: President of the Southern Historical Association; numerous visiting professorships; a Guggenheim Fellowship; and a Fulbright lectureship at St. John's College, Cambridge. In addition to these distinctions, Mrs. Owsley describes the groundbreaking research she and her husband performed together in England, France, and all over the South. The research that went into *Plain Folk* alone, data from deeds, census records, tax polls, wills, and private correspondence, data interpreted, transformed into the sinews of living history—and a radically new picture of the Old South—this research alone testifies to the Owsleys' singular energy and commitment. As remarkable as Owsley's public career was, it constitutes only half of the memoir's story. Behind and within that career, Mrs. Owsley draws out, with her interior perspective, the special sen-

sibility revealed and developed in this Southerner's human affairs.

In its record of family life, an amazing marriage, and several remarkable friendships the memoir most fully exhibits the "amenities of life" that Owsley and his confreres held so dear. Some of the most interesting sections of the book are the accounts of the Owsleys' friendships with Andrew Lytle, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, and Robert Penn Warren. With these accounts we get a picture of the Owsleys' farm, near Whites Creek, Tennessee, and of visits to the Lytles at Cornsilk and the Tates at Benfolly. It was in these moments, times of respite at home on the land, evenings filled with prodigious quantities of bourbon and conversation, that the Agrarians most fully disclosed themselves and what they were about. The inner significance of these gatherings was recorded by Donald Davidson in his "Lines Written for Allen Tate on His Sixtieth Anniversary:"

So, Allen, you have kindled many an evening
When the creed of memory summoned us to your fire.
I remember that blazon, remember the firelight blessing
Owsley's uplifted head,
Ransom's gray eye,
The Kentucky voice of Warren, until that household's
Oaken being spoke like a plucked lyre
And we turned as men who see where a battle unfolds.

"Owsley's uplifted head" received the firelight's benediction on several such evenings and always contributed fully to their proceedings. Amidst the record of her husband's career, these moments constitute the heart and substance of Mrs. Owsley's book. One remembers from its pages, in particular, Frank Owsley's dramatic rendering of the story of his Uncle Dink, the story he told at Cornsilk in 1933 and which so seized Andrew Lytle that it became the genesis of his first novel, *The Long Night.*

Until now this personal dimension of Owsley's life has largely escaped notice. Mrs. Owsley's memoir testifies to the unity of the man behind his many roles. Though a master of modern historical method, Owsley's relation to his work was never one of bloodless detachment or of anguished revisionism. In contrast to historians like C. Vann Woodward, Owsley never temporized about his region; rather, he lived in and through the South's memory to exercise the right stewardship of the past, personal as well as professional. For him, history was, "an allegiance, an act of faith in one kind of future rather than another." This allegiance was the burden not only of his own career but that of the whole Agrarian enterprise.

Accordingly, Mrs. Owsley's book, by providing a new perspective on one of its members, gives us a new purchase on all of the Nashville Twelve and evidence to counter recent misreadings of *I'll Take My Stand* . Focusing almost exclusively on the novelists and poets of the group, Louis Rubin once characterized the symposium as "an extended metaphor," as an aesthetic set over and against modern society. Though Rubin has since qualified his reading, the view has a widespread currency. More recently, Paul Conkin has examined the Agrarians as exponents of a political and economic calculus, a program doomed to failure by its very "irrelevance." Both views, Rubin's and Conkin's, miss the essential point. *I'll Take My Stand* offered neither a calculus nor an aesthetic, neither a simulacrum of the imagination nor a blueprint for Utopia; quite the contrary, it was a statement, in Ransom's phrase, against any kind of "culture poured in from the top." Owsley's plea and that of his fellows was for a return to the *habitus* of an inherited way of life, a plea born of a concern for the totality of culture and its realization in *both* image and action. Owsley's historical writing, as much as fiction and poetry, gives the South an image of itself, and, as Mrs. Owsley reminds us, he worked harder than any of the group to see Agrarian principles implemented; but, in both cases, image and action were subservient to a greater good. That good, which he served in his life and work, as he said at the Fugitives' reunion in 1956, the year of his death, was the defense of "the basic values of civilization . . . the sense of community . . . the common courtesies of life." Wherever the South's history is taught and defended, Frank Owsley's memory will endure. ✪

Photographic Archives, Vanderbilt University

Frank Lawrence Owlsley, 1890-1956

Clint Brand is a graduate student in English at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee.

CRITICUS BOOKS

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE

By J.O. Tate

A review of: *Southern Literature and Literary Theory* edited by Jefferson Humphries. (Georgia, 375 pages, $45.00.)

There were times in the 1950s and in the 1960s when I had the sense that the War Between the States was repeating itself. I was far from alone then in sensing a nausea that was a form of *deja vu*; and when the Atlanta *Constitution* began running a daily centennial column on the Civil War, the events of 1861 and 1961 were juxtaposed on the front page. That "comparison" ran on for four years, of course; and then it ran on—in my mind and in the minds of others—for years. The calendar still turns, the clock ticks, and we are still hearing about Civil Rights bills and about Federal courts supervising voting precincts, schools, and what have you.

The nausea that I felt was complicated. Part of it was shame that "the South" was "led" by men like Orval Faubus and George Wallace and "Bull" Connor, and not by gentlemen like Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. Part of it was outrage at watching Southern leaders make the same old mistakes. Part of it was having to listen to an endless sequence of South-bashing that continues to this day. Part of it was frustration at knowing that most of the best people I ever knew were Southern, and were so imbued with their distinctive culture that their Southernness was an inseparable ground of their goodness; and that this truth was incomprehensible to Yankees, Freedom River, black demagogues, and the rest of the world. Part of it was knowing deeply that Southern distinctiveness was real, and seeing it scorned and discarded by scalawags out for the main chance, as well as the usual carpetbaggers.

And there were other parts of it, including the anticipation of a Second Reconstruction after a Second Civil War. I was to find, though, that much of my awareness had been anticipated by Southern writers: by Faulkner in various passages; by the Fugitives and Agrarians in poems and essays and novels; by Flannery O'Connor in her story "Everything That Rises Must Converge;" and most specifically by Walker Percy in *The Last Gentleman* (1966), which may be described as a novel about the specifically Southern form of *deja vu* I have cited.

Since 1965 I have watched as the joys of Reconstruction II have proceeded. If Appomattox seems far removed, so does the memory of that noble Southerner, Lyndon Baines Johnson, and the smugness attending the Voting Rights Act of 1965. There's a certain grim amusement in watching the chickens come home to roost. It's in that spirit that I have read *Southern Literature and Literary Theory* , because it was in a similar though opposite one that the book was assembled.

Now I don't mean to say that the book is entirely without merit. As far as I can see, there's some good in it, as one might expect from a collection of twenty essays about literature. John T. Matthews's study, "The Autograph of Violence in Faulkner's *Pylon*," has the merit of a kinetic effect: it makes me want to read *Pylon* again; it excites me with ideas and images and insight into Faulkner's work. But its Bakhtinian emphasis reminds me that there was a Mardi Gras in New Orleans before we ever heard of Bakhtin; and that Faulkner proved his comprehension of the carnivalesque in his work. The economic emphasis similarly reminds me that Faulkner demonstrated his understanding of the material dialectic in *Pylon* and elsewhere. In that sense, both the carnivalesque emphasis and the "Marxist" treatment are not so much projections upon the text as unfoldings of what the author put there. Yet the Bakhtinian and the Marxist approaches are somehow privileged, not by their evident productiveness, but by an air of contemporary smugness that's promoted not so much by the essayist as by the editor. In other words, the biggest problem with *Southern Literature and Literary Theory* is with the whole package and not the particular parts.

That's not to say, though, that those parts are all as strong as John T. Matthews's piece on *Pylon*. I must say that James Applewhite's reflections in "The Near Landscape and Far: Nature and Human Signification" seem to be at once presumptuous, trendy, vainglorious, and abstract. Rarely has a poet plumbed the profundities of jogging with such off-putting turgidity, or established a less propitious platform for the composition of poetry. There's no good reason why landscape has to be glossed by Derrida, or even Freud. There was a time when the Southern landscape inspired regional and historical associations, rather than such labored importations.

Harold Bloom's essay on James Dickey is a very good one—an insightful response to obscure poetry. But in this volume it does have a certain lack—namely, any connection to the South besides the arbitrariness of James Dickey's birthplace. The references to Jonathan Edwards, Roethke, Blake, Yeats, Emerson, Whitman, Stevens, etc., all show how and why Dickey fits nicely into Bloom's Procrustean needs—and suggest too

that if there were any Southern quality to be identified in Dickey's works, Bloom wouldn't or couldn't respond to it. Neither would any such response have been included. I daresay, in this volume.

What has been included too often fails to impress or to convince. William L. Andrews's argument that William Wells Brown's *My Southern Home* is as tricky in its rhetoric as Mark Twain's scalawaggish *Life on the Mississippi* seems to me to rest on an unstated assumption that there must be an *affirmative action* to integrate or reconstruct the literary canon. A footnote by Andrews to an article by Craig Werner cues us to look at Werner's "The Framing of Charles W. Chesnutt: Practical Deconstruction in the Afro-American Tradition," wherein we cannot be surprised to find a citation of—Andrews. But in spite of their cumbersome apparatus of gobbledegook, Werner's arguments about Joel Chandler Harris and Chesnutt have merit—particularly the merit of addressing topics of specifically Southern identity—though that was not the consideration that prompted Werner's inclusion here. I suppose that his insistent political correctness was decisive in that regard.

In addition, there is the essay by the editor, Jefferson Humphries, on the topic of Harris and "Uncle Remus"—a strong piece, one of the best in this volume, and a useful corrective to any absurd dismissal of the Uncle Remus stories. Such a deft approach to difficulty is to me a refutation of Alice Walker's essay, "The Dummy in the Window" (1981, 1987), in which she blamed Joel Chandler Harris for stealing a good part of her heritage. Though the rantings of Alice Walker belong properly to the literature of the Pacific Rim and the New Age rather than the South, those execrations are here represented by "The Color Purple: What Feminism Can Learn from a Southern Tradition" by Gina Michelle Collins; and just as soon as I figure out what feminism couldn't learn from anything at all, I intend to read Ms. Collins's article. Right now though, I have had enough of the Derrida Doo Dah to last me for a while.

In short, though I appreciate the effort and the thought that went into this volume, it isn't one I'll be returning to, nor is it one that I would recommend to a student or an ordinary library. The volume does not live up to its title: too much Southern literature is excluded, there is too much contemporary modishness. There is a congestion of "theories" that is merely a collision of jargons. The result is a mess. ***And there is a nasty undertone which undercuts any sense of celebration. Who, reading this volume, would believe that Southern literature is funny, valuable, lovable, memorable, colorful, or vivid? No, "Southern literature" seems to be a French imposture in a German vocabulary about racism, sexism, and what have you. Rarely if ever comest Thou, O Spirit of Delight!***

Southern Literature and Literary Theory, juxtaposing the subjects of its essays in a democratic jumble, implies that there are no distinctions to be made among "Southern" writers as to importance or quality. And if there is anything to say about what "Southern literature" is or might be, I didn't sense it. The essays of Alexandre Leupin and Olga Scherer don't seem, for all their fine frenzy of elevated and Continental technique, to relate Faulkner to his cultural context. If not, what is "Southern" about "the dialogic imagination" or "inscription," then? What is the point, after all, of this particular assembly?

Although *Southern Literature and Literary Theory* has a place in an extensive graduate collection, the book wouldn't be appropriate for undergraduates or for people who want to learn about Southern literature. The volume seems to be a political statement, an announcement of a presence and a position, one that comes—significantly enough—from a Southern university press. The "Southernness" of the book is of a certain order of authenticity, one which it shares with Interstate highways, fast food franchises, computer terminals, bad Chinese restaurants, and state universities staffed by hostiles. Such post-modern culture *is* the contemporary environment; and *Southern Literature and Literary Theory* is no less and no more Southern than a Honda in Decatur.

Nor is it, finally, any more remarkable or interesting, though it is much less useful than any such vehicle. *The History of Southern Literature* (LSU, 1985) which Professor Humphries aims to supplant is precisely the volume which I would recommend to anyone interested in a survey of Southern literature. But I would also recommend a few rueful reflections upon the theme of mutability. And I would ask why the young people of the South cannot be properly instructed about their heritage; and why the literature of the South must be so ostentatiously stripped from human association and disconnected from the people who produced it.

To that I might wonder aloud about the logic that validates Faulkner because some of his work responds so well to deconstructionist approaches. I might inquire about the absence of such presences as Andrew Lytle, Caroline Gordon, Flannery O'Connor, Walker Percy, and Madison Jones, to name but five. But among many possibilities, I wouldn't recommend a study of this volume to anyone not already breathing its air of approved thought, or not previously registered with some such Freedman's Bureau of the mind. ✪

Georgian J.O. Tate is a Professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, New York. He serves on the editorial board of the **Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.**

CRITICUS BOOKS

PRISON-HOUSE PHILOSOPHY

By Michael M. Jordan

A review of:
John Crowe Ransom's Secular Faith
By Kieran Quinlan
(L.S.U., 1989, 106 pages, $20.00)

Over the years many people have remarked on the South's opposition to heresy and secularism, its preference for the faith of its fathers. In *The Southern Tradition at Bay* Richard Weaver commented on the "innocence of protest and heresy" in the Old and postbellum South, adding that Unitarian, Swedenborgian, Universalist, and Spiritualist churches, along with Emerson's Transcendentalist thinking, fell on rocky soil south of the Mason-Dixon line. This "innocence of protest and heresy" is the result, at least in part, of the ordinary Southerner's historic reverence for the Word of God. In many Southern churches one hears even today preaching of the "Thus saith the Lord" variety. Both the innocence and the reverence are attitudes of orthodoxy and what Weaver called "the older religiousness."

Certainly not everyone born and reared in the South has been innocent of religious protest and heresy. Some of our literary greats have been black sheep, so to speak, in religious matters. For instance, of the five Agrarians who have the greatest literary reputations—Davidson, Tate, Lytle, Warren, and Ransom—the last two were skeptics. As Agrarians in the early 1930s, they all accepted the following statement, penned by Ransom, in the Introduction to the Agrarian manifesto *I'll Take My Stand* (1930): "Religion can hardly expect to flourish in an industrial society. Religion is our submission to the general intention of a nature that is fairly inscrutable; it is the sense of our role as creatures within it." But these Agrarians did not always adhere to this statement, much less to stronger doctrinal creeds. In the 1920s Davidson and Tate were skeptics about many religious claims, though eventually both took the side of religion (in particular, Christianity) as opposed to secularism or secular humanism. So far as I know, Lytle, the farmer from among these five (and hence in a better position to revere the God in back of nature), has never been a secularist. Warren and Ransom, on the other hand, ultimately chose secularism and skepticism over any religious faith.

In *John Crowe Ransom's Secular Faith*, Kieran Quinlan examines Ransom's poems, letters, and essays for what light they shed on his religious views. Quinlan's thoughtful and well-written book is illuminating. Despite the claims of some critics who have maintained that Ransom was a defender of both aesthetic and religious orthodoxies, what is revealed in this study is Ransom's decidedly irreligious, or secular, position. It is possible to be misled by the titles of some of Ransom's books, with their seemingly religious perspective: his first collection of verse, *Poems About God* (1919), and *God Without Thunder: An Unorthodox Defense of Orthodoxy* (1930). Yet the first book, Quinlan suggests, would have been more appropriately titled *Poems About "God,"* for in the poems Ransom does not write about a personal God "but rather a term." In the second book, as Quinlan points out, Ransom is less orthodox than the subtitle claims he is, for Ransom rejects many orthodox beliefs, among them the Trinity, the deity of Christ, the atonement, and the concept of religious revelation. Ransom's theology, notes Quinlan, "is blatantly agnostic if not downright atheistic;" his perspective is less theological than anthropological, after the fashion of Sir James Frazer in *The Golden Bough*.

However inaccurate Ransom's titles may be, it seems to me that the title of Quinlan's brief book hits the mark. My point is that Ransom did have a kind of faith in his secular position. or, from the point of view of a religionist, Ransom had what might be called a blind or narrow-minded trust in secularism. I believe the secularist has as much of a burden of proof as the religionist does, and many secularists ultimately base their secularism on prejudice, on *a priori* assumptions, or on faith. Ransom is a good case in point. In arriving at his secular faith, he ultimately became something of a dogmatist. In religious and philosophical discussions, he would not countenance metaphysical arguments. In other words, he dogmatically refused to accept any non-empirical testimony. Arguments from tradition (the Western religious tradition), from authority (the Bible), or testimony based on metaphysical speculation or mystical experiences—these Ransom rejected at the start. In many cases, as Quinlan demonstrates, Ransom sided with the extreme naturalists, or with the logical positivists, who held that the only meaningful statements are either strictly logical or verifiable by empirical means, and hence that all metaphysical statements are meaningless.

Quinlan demonstrates that Ransom's mature poetry "has the positive intention of making the reader face up to the sobering facts of existence without

having recourse to the kind of consolation traditionally offered by religious belief." Ransom seems to be an apostle or evangelist of secularism, of agnosticism, of atheism. This naturalistic tendency is apparent throughout Ransom's literary career. Writing to poet Robert Graves in 1924, he says that faith is for "babes rather than philosophers." Ransom's letters and essays in the 1920s show that he believed the mature mind was characterized by "an ironic stance toward life, a rejection of romantic hope, and . . . youthful arrogance" rather than "detached contemplation." At Ransom's funeral fifty years later, Robert Penn Warren spoke of the "domestic" strain in his friend's verse; then he added,

But beyond his domestic poetry, there was, willy-nilly, another range of thought and feeling. There was the philosopher with a profound awareness of the tensions of his age, and an ironist to whom irony was the only antidote for the tragedy of life.

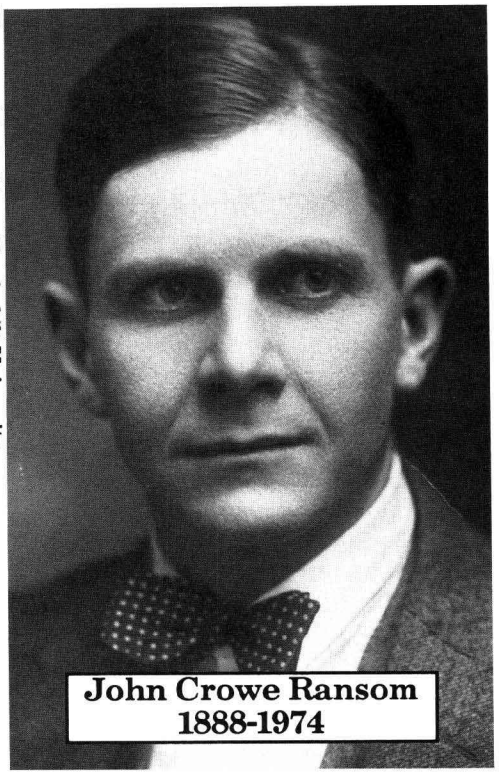
Irony is rather weak medicine for many of the physical, spiritual, and emotional ills man must endure, and one must ask if there isn't a better physic. Perhaps the great tragedy is that irony was Ransom's only antidote.

The philosopher Eric Voegelin, commenting on his own educational career, points out the limitations of Ransom's position. Concerning his education in Germany in the 1920s, Voegelin said the philosophers he studied (Max Weber, Wittgenstein, Bertrand Russell, Husserl, Marx, and Freud) left him with the uneasy feeling that they "imprison[ed] themselves in their restricted horizon and dogmatize[d] their prison reality as universal truth." These philosophers and their followers closed the door to transcendence at the beginning, claiming that religion was the opiate of the people, wish fulfillment, or patent absurdity. But only an eviscerated philosophy is restricted to a particular methodology (the scientific method); only a prison-house philosophy dismisses serious religious ideas and beliefs as a matter of principle. Rather like Marlowe's Dr. Faustus, these philosophers, Ransom among them, bid adieu to Divinity; then they turned to the modern-day equivalent of Faustus' necromancy: anthropology, sociology, psychology, and ideology.

A brief account of this "turn" away from Divinity is found in Basil Willey's *The English Moralists*. I quote below a passage which describes the declension of humanism to secularism, a deterioration which is parallel to the declension of philosophy in the West to positivism:

During the last three or four centuries humanism may be said to have passed through three well-marked stages, of which the last two are stages of progressive deChristianization. First you have the God-centered humanism of men like Erasmus, Hooker, Donne, Milton or Locke. Next, the man-centered humanism of the eighteenth century, of the Encyclopaedists, of Hume, of the idealistic romantic poets and philosophers. At this stage morality ceases to be dependent upon supernatural sanctions, . . . Man is still left, however, in virtue of his reason and imagination, to retain contact with a transcendental order, and thus to preserve his traditional dignity and his superiority to the purely natural order. Finally you have the positivist stage represented by Comte, Mill, Marx and their followers, in which all possibility of contact with metaphysical reality is denied, man becomes God, and Humanity a religion.

Quinlan's interesting study will appeal to students of the Fugitive-Agrarians and to those curious about the climate of belief in the intellectual and artistic circles known to Ransom. In numerous places Quinlan quotes passages from essays and letters which juxtapose Allen Tate's and T. S. Eliot's faith with Ransom's skepticism. He notes Ransom's affinity with Thomas Hardy and Wallace Stevens. As Quinlan observes in his conclusion, the theological, philosophical, and literary issues Ransom wrestled with, "particularly those dealing with the elimination of a metaphysical or transcendental world view—are still being debated." This makes the book a timely one. It is a good book, too, in that it calls attention to questionable features of John Crowe Ransom's mind and the limitations of his philosophy. I admire him as a poet, but I will take nothing from him as a philosopher. ✪



Photographic Archives, Vanderbilt University

John Crowe Ransom
1888-1974

Michael Jordan recently received his Ph.D. from the University of Georgia and now teaches English at Hillsdale College, a conservative bastion located in Hillsdale, Michigan.

CRITICUS BOOKS

Where's the Beef?

By James Tucker

A review of:
Civil War Virginia: Battleground for a Nation.
by James I. Robertson, Jr. (Univ. Press Of Virginia, 1991, Hardcover, 182 pages, $18.95.)

Professor "Bud" Robertson, of VPI&SU, Blacksburg, Virginia, is an imminently-readable Civil War historian; however, having achieved prominence with his earlier works, he appears of late to be increasingly adverse to serious in-depth research, relying instead upon his considerable and undiminished storytelling abilities to carry his books to commercial success.

Robertson's latest endeavor, *Civil War Virginia*, is a thin, overpriced example of what a scholarly Civil War study should not be: a slickly-produced slice of consumer fluff, almost totally devoid of historical substance. ("Honey, your Daddy loves the Civil War. Here's a pretty book for him; let's buy it.") *Civil War Virginia* must be an embarrassment to those who funded it and it should be to the author. It contributes nothing to Civil War scholarship; no revealing discovery; no new insight; no fresh analysis. Robertson himself calls this work a "booklet", and, at $18.95, this lean volume carries a hefty price tag for what amounts to little more than a brief outline of the Army of Northern Virginia's campaigns in Eastern Virginia. At the end, the reader is left unsatisfied, asking, "where's the beef?"

Robertson only scratches the surface of his subject. There are too few words in this book to justify such an ambitious title. Physically small pages, combined with relatively large type, are further diluted by overly-large illustrations, a contrivance which should ordinarily enhance a weak text, but, in this case, accomplishes the opposite effect. The standard Civil War photos and turn-of-the-century engravings appear to be thrown in as afterthoughts and space fillers. Whoever chose the dark, somber illustrations must have suffered a lapse of artistic taste: the comically-inaccurate engraving of renowned Gen. Richard S. Ewell and the crone-like, witchy depiction of Richmond females by a Northern artist are but two examples.

The book's title is misleading. If you're expecting to find out anything in these pages concerning the Southwest portion of the State, forget it. For Robertson, the Virginia State line stops a few miles west of Richmond and runs no farther southwest than Lexington in the Shenandoah Valley. The entire western portion of the Old Dominion is ignored—an undeserved fate for the huge Confederate department whose territory extended from the Greenbrier Valley to the suburbs of Knoxville, from the Federally-held Kanawha Valley into the high mountain reaches of Kentucky and North Carolina.

By what unfathomable rule of venue did Robertson exclude the western portion of modern-day Virginia and how could he have failed to mention the region's strategic importance during the Civil War? Inexplicably absent from his book are conflicts such as Cloyd's Farm (May 9, 1864), Southwest Virginia's largest battle, not to mention an infinitely interesting cast of characters who marched through the mountains, including the likes of "Tiger" John McCausland, "Devil Anse" Hatfield, Rutherford B. Hayes, William McKinley, "Grumble" Jones, the famous raider John Hunt Morgan, the bourbon-sipping John C. Breckinridge, and a host of others. Notably missing, too, is any mention of the conflicts at Pearisburg, Princeton, Pound Gap, Wytheville, Cumberland Gap, Jonesville, Cove Mountain, New River Bridge, Marion, etc.

Indeed, as regards Western Virginia, this book is remarkable not for what it is, but for what it is not. Nary a sentence do we find concerning the picturesque and terrible Battle of Saltville (October 2, 1864), or of Champ Ferguson, the alleged principal conspirator in the Confederacy's sole atrocity—the execution of over 100 captured black troopers. And nothing of the bloody guerrilla conflict in Virginia's far southwestern counties.

Instead, we are treated to an unoriginal re-hashing of the events in and around Richmond and an examination of out-of-State campaigns in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Of course, we do find the ubiq-

uitous and obligatory quote from Mary Chesnut, Richmond diarist, and several brief, insignificant, and irrelevant treatments of Eastern Virginia events such as the Ellswoth-Jackson incident (between one civilian and two soldiers), the "Battle" of Big Bethel (8 Confederate casualties), and the death of former U. S. President and Virginian John Tyler from natural causes. All this, plus nearly two pages and a large, poor illustration of the *Virginia-Monitor* naval battle. Ho-hum.

Actually, most any talented English professor, after having read three or four Civil War classics and with no other specialized knowledge, could have written this book in a weekend.

To make matters worse, Robertson does a little name-dropping and political manuevering by inappropriately and gratuitously characterizing the election of Doug Wilder to the State governorship as "the most sterling symbol" of Virginia's reconciliation with the Union. Sure, Bud.

Perhaps this is the kind of book Robertson wishes to write—a broad, derivative history; however, if he continues much longer in this vein he will surely lose credibility with Civil War enthusiasts and scholars. And, with his all-too-obvious snubbing of Western Virginia, the problem may well be that Robertson, a national historian, simply does not have the inclination to delve into the history of the area from where he writes and which furnishes his paycheck. Until he does, he will remain alienated from the people of Western Virginia and ignorant of their rich heritage. ✪

James Tucker is a native Southwest Virginian who lives in Dublin, Virginia.

—continued from page 43.

He went to his typesetter and composed a mock news story about May's new business: IRVING MAN RAISES WORMS FOR FASTFOOD INDUSTRY. Then he pasted the story onto a dummy copy of the *Dallas Morning News* and printed it. Like most of Chamberlin's put-ons, it was subtle — so subtle that a stranger would have to think for a moment before he realized it was a joke.

But all of John's old friends recognized the fake article for what it was and showed a few copies around town. John even sent one to friends in Tennessee. Then — just for the heck of it (it was another slow day) — he wrote a letter to the FDA, enclosing the worm story and asking them for comment. Within a week he got an answer. The FDA was outraged. How dare anyone use worms in food before the U.S. government studied the product for nutrients and possible side effects! Besides, said the FDA, there were "esthetic drawbacks to the project." The FDA made no outright threats, but the tone of the letter was deliberately menacing. We all laughed till we cried. The price of worms per pound was three times what good beef was bringing.

At that point, John forgot about the matter — for a while. Then he began to hear an ugly story about one of the major hamburger chains — let's call it "Willieburgers" to avoid cranking up the rumor again. It seems they were using worms in their Big Willies to supplement the beef. By the time the rumor got to Irving, Texas, it was all over the United States, and Willieburgers was losing millions and millions of customers.

Chamberlin had a sinking feeling. He made a few inquiries and found out the rumor had probably begun in one of two places — Washington, D.C. or Tennessee. The next time I dropped by his shop he was pensive.

"I did it," he said. "I started the rumor. Of course, I never mentioned Willieburgers, or for that matter hamburgers in general. I said 'fast food industry.'"

"So don't worry," I said. "Besides, I think it's a big laugh. Do you mind if I do a story on it for a local magazine?"

"Be my guest," he said.

In order to get another perspective, I called Willieburgers International and ended up talking to the vice president for public relations, who was very edgy. He didn't like the idea of the article.

"Look," I said. "I'm going to get you off the hook. I'm going to reveal how the rumor got started. No one will ever again say that Willieburgers uses worms."

"I don't want the word 'worms' and the word 'Willieburgers' in the same magazine, much less the same article," he said between clenched teeth. "Why do you insist on doing this thing?"

"Because it's funny," I said. "All I want from you is a comment."

For a moment I heard heavy breathing.

"O.K.," he said. "Here it is: The Fast Food Industry is not amused." Then he hung up.

The magazine wasn't interested in the story; but not too long ago, a college professor wrote a book about wild rumors of mysterious origin. Among the ones he featured was the Willieburgers/worm rumor. Nothing mysterious about that one. I could have told him it was started in a Kwik Kopy shop in Irving, Texas.

My question now is: How many of John's Chamberlin's life-sized Saddam Hussein targets do you want to buy? At last report, he and one beggar had sold over 5,000 on the streets of Dallas at two bucks each. Anyone interested in a distributorship? ✪

ANGUISHED ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer

a collection of fluffs and flubs, goofs and gaffes, boners and boo boos

Howta Rekanize American Slurvian

Language lovers have long bewailed the sad state of pronunication and articulation in the United States. Both in sorrow and in anger, speakers ears wince at such mumblings as *guvmint* for *government* and *assessories* for *accessories.*

Indeed, everywhere we turn we are assaulted by a slew of slurrings. We meet people who *hafta, oughta,* or are *gonna* do something or who *shoulda, woulda* or *coulda* done it.

H. Alan Wycherley, in *Word Study,* distinguished between the pure and impure uses of Slurvian. Impure Slurvian produces nonsense sounds, such as those listed above. But Slurvian in its purest form mispronounces English words into other English words.

To help you translate Slurvian into English and to preserve the growing canon of American non-enunciation, I offer a grotesque glossary of pure Slurvian:

Antidote. A story. "I love your antidote about the time you made dinner for the boss."

Formally. Earlier. "Today she's a millionaire, but formally she tried to make a living as an English teacher."

Intensive. Part of an idiom, as in "for all intensive purposes," rather than the correct "for all intents and purposes."

Lays. The opposite of "gemmen." "Lays and gemmen, I now introduce our guest speaker."

Lining. Electrical flash of light. "We abandoned our picnic when we heard the thunder and saw the lining."

Mayan. Possessive pronoun. "What's yours is yours, and what's Mayan is Mayan."

Paramour. A modern grass-cutting instrument. "Less try out the new paramour on the lawn."

Please. Officers of the law. "My house has been robbed! Call the please!"

Winner. The cold season. "Many birds fly South for the winner."

Richard Lederer's book, *Anguished English,* is published in the South by Wyrick and Company, 12 Exchange Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29402.

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM F. FREEHOFF

ON PURITANISM

America...may see a brighter hour, when in the revolution of human affairs, the narrow, cruel and selfish policy of Puritanism shall give place to the broader, more expanded liberal views of the Cavaliers.

Chaplain James B. Avirett, CSA

ON A PERSISTENT YANKEE MYTH

The belief that the Puritans came to the New World in the cause of religious freedom is, of course, completely erroneous.

Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker

ON WHY HE FOUGHT

I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor.

R.E. Lee, General, CSA

ON RACIAL SEPARATION

What I would most desire would be a separation of the white and black races.

Abraham Lincoln (before The War.)

ON THE SCALAWAG

....he is a mangy dog, slinking through the alleys, haunting the governor's office, defiling with tobacco juice the steps of the capitol, stretching his lazy carcass in the sun on the square.

The Independent Monitor, Tuscaloosa, Ala. 1867

BOOKNOTES

The Last Rebel Yell.

by Michael A. Grissom.
The Rebel Press.
470 pages. $19.95.

Mike Grissom is the Nathan Bedford Forrest of today's Confederate writers. Riding straight into enemy territory, he takes absolutely no prisoners. In *The Last Rebel Yell*, a companion book to *Southern By the Grace of God* (Pelican Publishing Company, 572 pages, $38.50), Grissom continues his hard hitting defense of the Old South. Making no apologies and expressing no guilt for the Southern heritage, he takes precise aim at the Dixie bashers and the New South advocates—and he names names.

The purpose of *The Last Rebel Yell*, Grissom writes, is to help renew Southerners' pride in being Southern. Many of us are aware of the vicious attacks that have been made on our culture throughout most of this century. Our attempt at self-government, our religion, our love of the soil, our code of chivalry, our accent and our cultural symbols — all have been maligned and ridiculed by enemies of the South.

The *Last Rebel Yell* is an attempt to re-take lost ground. Grissom writes: "It is time for new authors and old truths, reflecting the long-delayed voice of the *real* South." Thus, Grissom proceeds, writing about such subjects as the War Between the States (discussing Yankee atrocities conveniently omitted from today's trendy film documentaries), the Southern accent, Southern manners, the Old Time Religion, the Southern spirit, and why we are "still fighting the War." For Yankees, and for Southerners unaware of their history, this book provides a much needed education. For Southern partisans, it is an affirmation of our glorious heritage.

Grissom closes by calling on Southerners to become vigilant in defense of the cause we hold so dear to our hearts, and he maps out a plan of action for those who are willing to "hoist the flag and join in the fray..."

Hopefully, his words will be heeded, for just as the famous Rebel Yell terrorized Yankees on the field of battle over a century ago, so can an active, vocal group of Southerners neutralize these attacks on our culture today.

One only hopes *The Last Rebel Yell* is not the last such war whoop from Grissom.

—David Althouse

Right Minds: A Sourcebook of American Conservative Thought.

by Gregory Wolfe.
Regnery Books.
236 pages. $16.95.

"The contribution of Southerners to modern conservatism is immense," writes Hillsdale College Professor Gregory Wolfe. Unfortunately his *Right Minds* inadequately reflects this judgment.

The book presents a compendium of conservative wisdom divided into three sections. The first and largest section is a bibliography of conservative writing, arranged into twenty two chapters of such topics as Critique of Liberalism, Political Philosophy, Economics, Law, Race, and Religion. The second section contains brief biographies of conservative thinkers, including Southern sons John C. Calhoun, John Randolph of Roanoke, John Taylor of Caroline, Donald Davidson, and Richard Weaver. The final section lists those periodicals, think tanks, and publishers that together provide current sources for the American conservative movement.

While the bibliography includes works by Southern conservatives Marion Montgomery, Cleanth Brooks, Allen Tate, and Forrest McDonald, only one book by Andrew Lytle is mentioned, and it is fiction. Wolfe praises the agrarian standard *I'll Take My Stand* and Weaver's classic *The Southern Tradition at Bay* and *Ideas Have Consequences*, but he omits M. E. Bradford's self-consciously Southern *Remembering Who We Are.*

Southern conservatives instinctively realize the provincial nature of freedom: that true freedom is embraced in an ordered community founded upon tradition, civility, individual liberty, and religion. For this view of free-

dom, which Donald Davidson called "the cause of civilized society," the South sacrificed her sons in a desperate struggle against a self-righteous invader, and has even survived a century of Reconstruction.

Wolfe's sourcebook describes the *Southern Partisan* with a caveat: "Though it indulges in a fair bit of nostalgia, this magazine nonetheless contains a good deal of astringent social commentary, plus interviews and reprintings of classic Southern essays."

Andrew Lytle once warned: "And the time is not far off when the citizens of this one-time Republic will be crying, 'What can I do to be saved?'" The Southerners both listed in and ignored by this book provide the ancient answer.

—Bryant Burroughs

Cultural Heritage Conservation in the American South

ed. by Benita J. Howell. Univ. of Georgia Press. 139 pages.

This book is a collection of papers presented at the 1988 meeting of the Southern Anthropological Society. The contributors are professors of history, sociology, geography, archaeology, and anthropology, and the essays center around the topic of cultural conservation, a new term that encompasses historic preservation, local and regional history, and folklife programs.

Conserving the Southern heritage is an important and *current* topic, as witnessed by recent losses to bulldozers and shopping malls at sites such as Brandy Station, Gettysburg, and Chantilly. To paraphrase G.K. Chesterton, the one who destroys a heritage is the supreme spendthrift, wasting in a moment what he cannot re-create in a lifetime. Southerners who seek to conserve their heritage demonstrate commitment to ends beyond chamber of commerce goals.

Unfortunately, this book reveals that all college professors do not write as well as Marion Montgomery or Clyde Wilson. But there are a few nuggets to be mined. The best of these concerns grassroots preservation efforts in Vicksburg, site of a major Confederate defeat in July 1863. Vicksburg's fall to General Ulysses Grant after a 47-day siege ensured Union control of traffic on the vital Mississippi River. In 1939 the Warren County Court House, which was built in 1858, was abandoned and scheduled for demolition. But a lone, outraged Vicksburg woman named Eva Whitaker Davis delayed a final demolition decision for eight years by keeping the issue in the public eye. Finally public pressure and discovery of a lost land title won the day, and the Old Court House Museum came into being under the auspices of the Vicksburg and Warren County Historical Society. Eva Davis served as the museum's first director. Today much of downtown Vicksburg has been declared an historic district by city osfficials.

Success stories such as this are hidden by this book's professorial style and fixation with a "multicultural" South. Updates on preservation efforts are better found elsewhere.

—BB

General John H. Winder, C.S.A.

by Arch Fredric Blakey. Univ. of Florida Press. 275 pages. $29.95.

Confederate General John H. Winder was despised by both North and South. Responsible for all Union prisoners east of the Mississippi River, Winder (pronounced Wine-der) faithfully fought a losing battle that cost him his reputation. Richmond newspapers and citizens criticized his lenient treatment of Union prisoners and demanded that he reduce prisoners' rations. But while Richmond railed over his "insane tyranny," Northern newspapers vilified Winder as an inhuman monster who brutalized Union prisoners in Libby Prison and Andersonville. Only a fatal heart attack suffered in February 1865 while inspecting a prison camp prevented Winder from sharing a post-war scaffold with his assistant, Henry Wirz.

Winder was overwhelmed by the nearly 200,000 Union troops captured during the war. The Confederate government was unprepared to confine, much less feed, clothe, and heal such a vast number of prisoners of war. No large prison existed anywhere in the South, a deficiency that forced Winder to confine prisoners in warehouses, tobacco factories, fairgrounds, and open fields. Lincoln's refusal to exchange prisoners on a regular basis worsened the overcrowding. Confederate law required that prisoners be issued the same rations and clothing provided to Confederate soldiers, but the

South failed to provide its own armies in the field with adequate food and supplies. With the Union blockade slowly starving Southern soldiers and citizens, prisoners of war ranked last in priority.

Over 30,000 Union prisoners died due to inadequate food, unsanitary conditions, exposure to elements, and lack of medical care. Fully two-thirds of these men died between February 1864 and February 1865, when the stranglehold on the South was tightest.

Blakey's book describes Winder's tireless efforts to improve his prisoners' conditions. He appealed to Richmond for food and supplies, built prisons, dispersed prisoners, diverted food bound for the marketplace, and, in the end, urged tbat prisoners be released without exchange. Yet his family buried Winder in an unmarked grave to prevent desecration by Sherman's approaching horde. The reader who relishes the story of a soldier faithfully fulfilling his duty will enjoy this book.

—BB

Edmund Burke: Appraisals and Applications

ed. by Daniel E. Ritchie. Transaction Publishers. 294 pages. $29.95.

Edmund Burke entered the House of Commons in 1765 and dominated English politics for three decades. This book is a unique presentation of essays both by Burke's contemporaries, such as Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Hazlit, and modern Burkean scholars.

A worthy addition to the *Library of Conservative Thought* series, this volume is an excellent introduction to the life and thoughts of Edmund Burke. In fact, the essays by Irving Babbit, Russell Kirk, and Robert Nisbet all serve by themselves as introductions to Burke. Babbit's essay was first published in 1924 and reinvigorated the study of *Burke in America*. An additional strength of the book is that the essays do not confine the appraisal to Burke's political philosophy, but to the enduring power of his words.

Burke lived in revolutionary times and despised revolution. He recognized that the "armed doctrine of ideology caused revolutions to produce a loss of freedom. True liberty, said Burke, must be limited liberty. Therefore, he instinctively understood the difference between England's Glorious Revolution of 1688 and the American War for Independence on one hand, and the French Revolution on the other. The first two restored traditional freedoms that had been lost to a despotic government; the other sought radical transformation of culture in the name of abstract principles. As Chesterton remarked concerning the French Revolution: "Men swept a city with a guillotine, a continent with a saber, because Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity were too precious to be lost."

Two centuries later Burke's words still wage war against modern Jacobins whose spirit was born in the streets of Paris in 1789. Shortly before the Solidarity Movement captured Poland, Polish historian Adam Michnik applied Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (then banned in Poland) to events in Eastern Europe. "If I were proficient in English I would translate this book and present Gorbachev and others with a complimentary copy..."

Matthew Arnold, writing that Burke "saturates politics with thought," advised his sister "to read something of Burke's every year." Modern Southern conservatives should heed this advice.

—BB

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THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

Echoes Of Battle: The Atlanta Campaign.

By Larry Strayer and Richard Baumgartner, editors. 361 pages. Blue Acorn Press (P.O. Box 2684 Huntington, WV 25726). $39.95 hardcover. 29.95 softcover.

"General Sherman is making a military post of (Atlanta)," wrote a federal soldier following the Northern occupation of Atlanta. "Citizens are all leaving and all around the city fine houses are leaving, by piecemeal, on the backs of soldiers, in wagons, carts, old buggies, and every conceivable vehicle. A house is vacated by a family, some soldier steps inside with a chunk of rail and bursts off a board; it's good-bye house, for you'll soon see a hundred soldiers carrying away windows, shutters, flooring, weather boarding, studding, etc.... All these to fix up quarters in adjoining camps."

Such words, rendered on the scene, compose this impressive account of the pivotal Atlanta Campaign, which many historians believe sealed the fate of the Confederacy. Illustrated by more than 300 period photographs, *Echoes of Battle* reports the campaign from beginning to end through the words of more than 260 Southern and Northern soldiers. It has a you-are-there character that powerfully conveys the reality and color of those disasterous days for the South. Every entry is a story itself—a collection of the individual accounts that combine to make a major event. There's no revisionist bias here—the story is well told and fairly told with respect towards both side of the conflict. It's also a handsome example of publishing, amply illustrated in a format that showcases the primary source material at its best. This probably one of the best books on the war published in recent years.

On Fields Of Fury: From The Wilderness To The Crater.

By Richard Wheeler. 286 pp. HarperCollins. $25.00.

Richard Wheeler's latest follows a similar approach, using the words of the participants to recount the story of a major campaign. This is Wheeler's sixth work on the war in this format, and by now he's the master at finding and using the words of war. As he did with Vicksburg, Sherman's March, Gettysburg, Richmond and Appomattox, Wheeler traces the primary events of the war's Eastern theater in 1864. There are familiar stories here—like the Battle of the Crater—and words from familiar characters, like Gen. John B. Gordon. And there's the unfamiliar—like the words of the Noble L. Johnson of the 5th Virginia—and the story of the soldier who emerged from the darkness with an offer to guide a force of Federal troops lost in Confederate territory. The troops marched into a volley of Southern gunfire and in retaliation, the Federal commander immediately shot and killed the volunteer guide.

Author Wheeler knows how to follow the main trial of history, while mixing in appropriate detail and color to convey the flavor of events. His works have given us an excellent collection of first-person accounts of the war's most famous campaigns. Now, if he will turn his sights on Fort Sumter, Morgan's dramatic Northern raids, Mosby in action, Blockade runners, the cruises of the Shenandoah. There's much more in the history of this war worthy of Wheeler's talent.

The Atlantic Coast.

By Daniel Ammen, 273 pp. Broadfoot Publishing (1907 Buena Vista Circle. Wilmington, N.C. 28405). $25.

It was perhaps the most important campaign of the war on water—the battle for the South's Atlantic Coast. Rivalled only by the struggle for control of the Mississippi, the battle of the Atlantic pitted Southern ingenuity and determination against superior Northern naval and ground forces, but the battle took four years and forced the North to construct the most powerful Navy in the world.

The dramatic story was surveyed 1883 by Daniel Ammen, a Northern naval officer who was present during many of the army-navy operations he described. Although told, obviously, from a Northern perspective, Ammen's was a credible history and his respect for Southern opponents is obvious. Tom Broadfoot has happily rescued this important work from obscurity and has made it available to readers as part of a classic reprint series: *Campaigns of The Civil War.* (The complete 16 volume set is available for $300.) Broadfoot's reprint is identical to the original work with the addition of contemporary introductions. In *The Atlantic Coast,* he includes an excellent introduction by Chris Fonvielle Jr., a historian of the War Between the States who has broad knowledge of the coastal conflicts. Broadfoot deserves commendation for bringing back Ammen's work and the important series in which it first appeared.

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